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K Saavedra Fajardo (D. de)

Respublica Literaria:

OR, THE

REPUBLICK

OF

LETTERS;

BEING A

VISION.

Wrote in Spaniſh *by* DON DIEGO DE SAAVEDRA, *Knight of the Order of* St. James.

Tranſlated from the Original by J. E. *A. B.*

---------- *cum proſtrata ſopore*
Urget membra quies & mens ſine pondere.
Ludit. PETRON.

LONDON: Printed for S. AUSTEN, at the *Angel* over-againſt the North-Door of *St. Paul's*. MDCC XXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To his Excellency

JOHN *Lord Carteret*,

Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, and one of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council.

My Lord,

IF, as my Author ſomewhere obſerves, to let him ſpeak for himſelf, *Que*

los libros ſe han de dedicar a El, a Quien por raſon del Argomento ſe le deve la obra, the Subject then of this Trifle, which was what flattered me into the Preſumption of laying it here, makes it no more than a juſt Debt brought home to your Excellency; who, by your extenſive and un-

unbounded Munificence to Men of Letters and Merit, are the Support of this Republick; and by your own tranſcendant Endowments and Acquiſitions, do make it even rival its antient Splendor and Dignity.

I AM ſenſible, my Lord, how ready the World will be to ex-

pect a juſt and regular Tranſlation, when they ſee your Illuſtrious Name at the Head of it; but as Things of this Nature are not to be ſuppoſed to carry any Proportion to the Greatneſs of the Receiver, I preſume it to be no Deminution of the Compliment, if though a becoming

coming Miſtruſt, or rather Conſciouſneſs of the contrary, I anticipate the Cenſure of others in owning its Defaults. Was this a perfect Tranſlation, it might then pretend to do even Honour to your Excellency, as being the firſt of that Kind that ever was: But as it is, I hope it a no

impardonable Piece of Ambition, in that I preſume to ſhelter it under the Umbrage of your Great Name.

It is a Digreſſion, I muſt own, very conſiſtent with the uſual Pomp of Dedications to run out in a long Panegyrick of the Prudence, Conduct,

Conduct, and other ſhining Qualifications of the Patron; but your Excellency, who has riſen above the ordinary Pitch in all of theſe, lies out of the Reach of an ordinary Pen; and therefore it would be to act inconſiſtently with the Senſe I have of my own Weakneſs, to attempt any

any Thing of that Kind here.

I am, My Lord,

Your Excellency's

Most obliged,

Most devoted, and

Humble Servant,

J. E.

PREFACE.

THE Author of this Vision, DON DIEGO DE SAAVEDRA, has sufficiently enough recommended himself to the World, not to want any Thing of mine to be added in his

his Behalf; his Hiſtory of the *Goths*, and *Political Emblems*, have left but few, I preſume, who are any thing converſant with the *Spaniſh* Writers, unacquainted with his Character. And as a preliminary Account of this Piece, is what, I rather imagine, the Reader will be moſt apt to expect; I chooſe to ſuperſede the Trouble of the former,

former, as well for his ſake as my own, and to detain him with as few Words as I can concerning the latter.

Don FRANCISCO IGNACIO DE PORRES, who writ the *Preface* to the Original, has this remarkable in the Commendations he gives it; That tho' it was the firſt Flower of

of our Author's Wit, yet it might juſtly rival his more mature Performances, both in its Delicateneſs and Ripeneſs. His Words are as follow; *Eſte Eſcrito fue la primera flor del ingenio de* D. DIEGO DE SAAVEDRA: *Por ſu ternura y por ſu fragancia puede competir a los frutos de ſu Iſtoria Gotica, y de ſus Empreſas Politicas la*

Sazon

Sazon. In which Words, I can't but hint at a very palpable Miſtake, which the above mention'd D. IGNACIO has committed, in making this the firſt Production of our Author; ſince I have no further to go than D. DIEGO's own Words to contradict it; for Page 45. of this Viſion, where he tells us, the hard Fate which all Books of Politicks

unex-

unexceptionably almoſt met with in this Republick, he expreſly mentions his *Political Emblems*, and the great Concern he was in for them. Which, as it ſuppoſes him to have writ his *Emblems* ſometime before, ſo it plainly, I think, proves D. IGNACIO to have erred. But however, thus far I may ſafely venture to join in with D. IGNACIO, that this

this Viſion, whenſoever it was writ, is nothing inferior to any of the Author's, whether later or earlier Works. The great Reading, Judgment, and Diſcernment that run throughout the Whole, beſides the fine and pertinent Reflections, wherewith he has occaſionally enliven'd and diverſify'd it, do diſcover a lively Genius, and extenſive Learning: His Lan-

Language is eaſy and elegant, and ſuch as was reckon'd a good Standard in the Age he lived in: His Invention, indeed, which I think the *Spaniards* are not over-valued for, in that they never confine, nor lay any Reſtraint upon it, runs ſometimes low, and leaves him to grovel; which obliged me here and there to

to except ſome few Lines, taken Notice of in the Margin; a Liberty, I hope, not altogether inexcuſable, if not unjuſtly taken: Which, whether it be, or no, I muſt leave thoſe read in *Spaniſh* to judge. Upon the Whole, for I would not be tedious, it may paſs for a pleaſant Deſcription, a ſhort, but crowded Landskip,

of

of this imaginary Republick.

THE Sketches he gives of the Characters of the moſt eminent *Hiſtorians*, *Poets*, and other Authors, are likely to afford the Reader a not-unpleaſing Entertainment: As likewiſe his tracing up the Progreſs and Advancement of *Poeſy* in *Spain* and *Italy*; where

where he takes Occaſion to mention the moſt celebrated *Poets* of both Nations, and to point out their ſeveral Excellencies and Perfections.

But not to anticipate the Reader's Pleaſure any further, I now take my Leave of him, with this Petition, That the Faults which have crept into the Preſs, as I fear

fear there are ſome, he would not impute to me, who am at too great a Diſtance to ſuperviſe and correct them.

NAMES

Of the

AUTHORS.

Who are mentioned, and censured in this Book.

A

Miguel Alvarez,
Anguilara,
Anaxarchus,
Ariſtotle,
Apuleius,

Arioſto,

Arioſto,
Juan de Arjona.

B.

Luis de Baraona,
Boſcan,
Sanchez Brocenſis.

C.

Comoes,
Cartagena,
J. Cæſar,
Cicero,
Claudian,
Comenes,
Coſtana.

D.

Dante.

E.

Raſmus,
Alonſo de Ercilla.

G.

Arcilaſo,
Galen,
Garces,
Aul. Gellius,
Luis de Gongora,
Guicciardin,

H.

Horace.

I.

Aul. Jovius,
Juvenal.

L.

Ivy,
Lucan,
Raim. Lully.

M.

Ausias March,
Marino,
Mariana,
Juan de Mena.
Diego de Mendoza,
Marcial.

N.

Anton. de Nebrija.

O.

Ovid.

P.

Patercules,
Perſius,
Plautus,
Platon,
Pliny,
Propertius,
Plutarch,

Plutarch,
Pythagoras.

S.

Marg. de Santellana,
Saluſt,
J. Caſ. Scaliger,
Schioppius,
Silius Italicus,
Seneca,
Socrates,
Statius,
Suetonius,

T.

Tacitus,
Tibullus,
T. Taſſo,
Terence,
Trithemius.

V.

L *Opez de Vega,*
Virgil.

X.

X *Enophon,*
Xenocrates.

Z.

Z *Urita.*

THE REPUBLICK OF LETTERS.

I WAS running over in my Mind the prodigious Number, and continual Increaſe of Books, thro' the Liberty of the Preſs, and the Preſumption of Writers, who make a downright Trade of it; when,

falling asleep, a Veil was drawn over those Images which my Thoughts, while awake, had been employ'd about; and I found myself in Sight of a City, whose Capitals of Silver and radiant, Gold dazzled me with their Lustre, and that carried their aspiring Tops even above the Clouds. I was captivated with its Beauty, and had a longing Desire to approach it; when, on a sudden, I discovered an elderly Man that was making towards it; whom, as I came up, and entered into Discourse with him, I immediately perceiv'd to be *Marcus Varro*, by the Description I was well acquainted with, that *Cicero* and others give of that universal Scholar. Upon Enquiry what City that was, he, with an engaging Air of Complaisance, told me it was the *Republick of Letters*, and offer'd his Company to conduct me to

a

a Sight of what was moſt curious therein; which I readily accepted, and placed myſelf under his Direction. —— In our Way, which his Converſation agreeably deceived, I could not but take Notice, that the Fields on all Sides of us were covered almoſt over with Hellebore; and, as my Curioſity led me to ask him the Reaſon of it, he anſwered me, That as divine Providence did always place the Remedy near the Evil, ſo it had put this Herb near at Hand for the Good of the Inhabitants, who were by their hard Studies and Lucubrations grievouſly ſubject to Diſtempers in the Brain. Vaſt Multitudes of the People there were gathering this Herb, as being a * Specifick to improve the Memory; but not without impair-

* Nacardina, *the Word expreſt here by Specifick, is properly the Name of an Herb in* Spain, *that is of great Help to the Memory.* Vid. Steph. Spaniſh Dict.

ing the Judgment. They were but ſmall Gainers by it, methought, ſince what they acquired to the one, they loſt in the other. The Memory, 'tis true, is the Store-Houſe to Knowledge; but then it takes in Good and Bad alike. Happy would it be for Man, were he as able to forget, as he is to remember: The Remembrance of Good paſt does but grieve us, as the Senſe of preſent Evil makes us uneaſy.

WE were by this Time arrived at the City, where the Trenches about it, I obſerved, were full of a black Liquor, the Walls high, and planted all along with Gooſe and Swan Quills, which diſcharged whole Bales of Paper. There were white Towers that ſerved as Bulwarks; in the Inſide of which were wooden

* Peſtles,

* Peſtles, raiſed by Water, that falling with their Ends down into Stone Mortars, pounded great Heaps of Rags to a very Pulp; which being ſpread over ſquare copper-wired Sieves, and put to dry between Blankets, became Sheets of Paper. A Commodity eaſily enough made, but what coſts dear to Mankind. How fruitful, thought I with myſelf, are we of Invention, in finding out Things to our Hurt! Gold and Silver, the Bane of human Tranquility, were providently hid from us by Nature, cloſe within the Bowels of the Earth: She, wiſely conſulting our Quiet, lodg'd them in Places far remote, entrenching them with the Ocean, and immuring them within high and craggy Mountains. But the reſtleſs Induſtry of Man found

* Viga's, *or Beams of Wood, as the Author calls 'em; but they are uſually called Nicknockers.*

out Arts and Means to make Seas navigable, and to force a Way through Mountains to get at thoſe Metals which occaſion ſuch Diſturbances, Wars, and Deſtruction in the World. And in like Manner, worthleſs Rags, that lie upon the very Dunghils buried in Filth, are by us with Diligence ſought for and fetch'd out from their Ordure, to be converted into Paper: Upon which we conſume our Reſt and Labour; by which Malice often gets the better of Innocence; and which has filled the World with endleſs Diſputes, the various Differences and Sects in Religion.

THE Frontiſpiece of the City Gate was diverſify'd with beautiful Columns of ſeveral Sorts of Marble and Jaſper; the Structure whereof, methought, was chargeable with a Default, as I only perceived

ceived the Dorick Order, that rough Emblem of Labour and Fatigue, to run throughout the whole. In Niches between the Columns ſtood the Statues of the nine Muſes, with muſical Inſtruments in their Hands, ſo exquiſitely wrought, and touch'd with ſuch vigorous Strokes of Art, as in a Manner ſoften'd the rude Marble into Life. My Mind, in the pleaſing Rapture it was affected with, ſeem'd ſenſible of the Preſence of thoſe Intelligences and their Muſick, ſo celebrated by Antiquity, that dwell in the Spheres. *Clio*, as it were, fired the Breaſt with Emulation by the noble Exploits of renowned Heroes: *Terpſichore* raiſed the Soul with the ſweet Harmony of her Muſick: **Erato* warm'd

* *The Author repreſents this Muſe as holding forth Numbers, and a Pair of Compaſſes; but as neither of theſe are the Simbols of* Erato, *I have taken the Liberty to repreſent her as the Etymolgy of her Name directed me,* Vid. Pere Mountfauc dans ſes Antiq. Tom. 1.

the Affections with the kindly Influences of Love: *Polyhymnia* quicken'd the Memory; and by her Aſſiſtance, *Urania* endeavoured to excite Men to the Study of the Stars: *Calliope* exalted the Mind, and ſet it upon glorious Enterprizes. The Frontiſpiece was terminated by *Apollo*, who, with his golden Locks flowing down his Shoulders like Streams of Light, held a Lyre in one Hand, and his Plectrum in the other.

ENTRING the Suburbs, I ſaw Men buſied in thoſe Arts that are but the Habits of the Body; merely Handicraft, in which the Underſtanding bears little or no Part. Theſe are the ſpurious Iſſue of the Sciences, from whence they derive their Being and the Laws they are upheld by, altho' not ſenſible of it,

and

and operate without being able to account for their own Operations.

As very little occurr'd amongſt theſe Mechanical Arts worthy to engage our Attention, except * *Dedalus* the *Athenian*, who was making Oſtentation of the Saw, Augre, and other Inſtruments, he pretended the Invention of. We walked haſtily through them, and came to thoſe Arts wherein the Underſtanding takes Place, and the Hands ſerve but as Inſtruments to it: The which are ſubaltern to, and have their Dependance upon the ſeven Liberal Sciences, which are only converſant about Words and Quantities. Between theſe and the Mechanical Arts, a River glided gently along, that parted them; over which was a Bridge built of Marble, and upon

* *A famous Blackſmith of* Athens.

it a beautiful Gate raiſed on Columns of Jaſper; about the Cornices whereof there hung whole Trophies of the Inſtruments belonging to theſe Arts, as Pencils, Pallet-Boards, Squares, Compaſſes, and Chiſſels. On the Top of the Gate ſtood Architecture, repreſented by a fair Virgin in Alabaſter, diſplaying the Legs of a Pair of Compaſſes upon a Plan of Building; and beneath her, upon the Pedeſtal, were theſe Lines of *Michael Angelo* engraven in *Italian*;

Non ha l'ottimo Artiſta alcun Concetto
Che un Marmoſolo in ſe non circonſcriva.

She was join'd on her right Side, by *Painting*, who ſtood upon the Cornice of a Capital, with a Pallet full of Variety of Colours in one Hand, and a Pencil in

in the other, having a Mask hanging down from her Neck: And at her left Side was Sculpture crown'd with Laurel, reclining herſelf upon old Fragments of Statues. When we had paſſed thro' the Gate a fine ſpacious Street open'd to our View, all along which were beautiful Portico's riſing on each Side in Arches, inhabited by the ſeveral Profeſſors in theſe Arts. The firſt were the Artichects, lead up by *Agatharus* the *Athenian*, who boaſted the Invention of the Art. * *Soſtratus* was drawing the Plan of his Watch-Tower of *Pharos*; as *Spintar* of *Corinth* was drawing that of his Temple

* *For a further Account of moſt of theſe Artiſts*, vid. Plin. Hiſtor. lib. 35, 36. *as likewiſe* Pauſaniæ Hiſtor.

Temple at *Delphi*. * *Chares Lyndius* beheld with a kind of Surprize his own *Coloſſos* of *Rhodes*: † *Sugillas* was intent upon the ‡ *Mauſolæum* of *Artemiſcia*; and *Artemidorus* ſtood fix'd in Attention upon the || *Forum Trajanum*. Others were buſily employ'd in perfecting Columns, Baſis, Pedeſtals, Plinths, Cornices, Architraves, and Freezes; all which concur to compleat a Building: A Labour how much too great for the Short Span of Life! in which our firſt Tears are hardly dried up before our Death-bed Groans are heard. And a little further were *Stratonicus*

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* *The Author and ſeveral others call this Artiſt* Chares Lydius, *but through Miſtake; for he was born in a Town of* Rhodes, *by Name* Lyndus; *and from thence he was called* Chares Lyndius. Vid. Plin. lib. 34. Sect. 18. Edit. Harder.

† Vid. Car. Stephani Dict. Hiſtoricum.

‡ *A noble Monument erected to* Mauſolus *by his Queen* Artemiſcia.

|| *The* Forum Trajanum *was where the Treaſury or* L'Epargne, *as the* French *call it, of* Trajan, *ſtood.* Vid. Hottman. Lexic.

tonicus, *Acragas*, *Mentor*, *Betus*, and *Antipater*, carving Figures upon Silver; among whom *Stratonicus* had artfully carved a Satyr ſo extreamly like the Life, that the Nymphs ſtood trembling at it for Fear. *Zopirus* was raiſing all the Extravagancies of *Oreſtes* in *Baſs Relief*, upon two Silver Goblets: *Pythias* had juſt given the finiſhing Strokes to that inimitable Piece of his, called * *Magiriſcia*.

In another Portico was the Royal *Attales* limning for his Diverſion Variety of Figures upon Canvaſs, not a little proud of this his Invention. And hard by there was a Company of *Trojans* employ'd in Embroidery and other fine Needle-work. There were likewiſe great Numbers of *Germans*, pur-

* *A famous Piece of Cookery.*

purchaſing to themſelves immortal Honour by curious Pieces of Tapeſtry; whereon they ſtamp'd ſuch admirable Figures with ſuch an Air of Life, as Painting, or even Nature herſelf might envy. But what gave me great occaſion to wonder was, that they work'd thoſe ſo beautiful and natural Figures, with their Tool underneath the Frame, not ſeeing what they did; for the wrong Side of the Work was towards them: which gave me further occaſion to reflect, in how much the ſame Manner, but with a vaſtly different Degree of Succeſs, do Princes, with their Inſtrument of State, ſign and order to be done Things brought before them, of which they ſee but the wrong Side, and know little or nothing of. Among theſe Artiſts an *Egyptian*, I obſerved, was of

ſcatter'd

ſcattered Pieces of Marble forming a humane Body; which he ſo artfully diſpoſed and enliven'd with ſuch maſterly Touches, that the Pieces ſeemingly became under his Hands Muſcles and Arteries: An Artifice not unlike this, but too frequently comes in Play in the Politicks of theſe Times, whereby Potentates of looſe and diſunited Motives collected together, form a Pretext for undertaking an unjuſt War, or maintaining a cruel Uſurpation.

In the next Portico we advanced to, were *Alcamanes*, *Cricias*, *Neſtocles*, and *Agelades*, hewing out Statues in Marble; *Pyrgoteles* was engraving *Alexander* the Great upon Jewels, a Priviledge only allow'd to him; as to caſt him in Braſs was granted to *Lyſippus*; and as

Apelles

Apelles was honoured with that to draw his Picture: An Immunity aſcertain'd to true Bravery, that no vulgar and ordinary Genius dare attempt its Praiſes, which the greateſt Encomiums can never equal. *Phidias* held ſome Fiſhes in his Hand, ſo cut out to the Life, that Water ſeem'd only wanting for them to ſwim. On one Side of us there lay juſt finiſhed the Figure of * *Bellona*, contain'd within the Round of her own Buckler; which agreeably ſurprized me with a Conviction, in ſpite of Geometry, that a Part may be equal to the Whole; not but we may daily ſee as much in Treaties and Negotiations among Princes, wherein the being but a Part, *often overſways and proves more than equal to the Whole.*

Among

* Colotes *made the Buckler, and it was* Panæmus *that painted the Goddeſs within it.* Vid. Plin. lib. 34, & 35.

Among the laſt, tho' juſtly to be ranked with the firſt of the Art, ſtood * *Vervin*, putting the laſt Hand to his *Daphne*, half transformed into a Laurel: It ſo impoſed upon the Eye, that I could not help being under a kind of Concern, leaſt the creeping Bark would cover her beautiful Limbs over: Her Hair was viſibly almoſt turned into Leaves, which the Wind, ruſtling between them, ſeem'd to ſhake.

We walked but a little farther, before we came to the Maſters in that Painting, that Rival of Nature, and that ſometimes even improves upon her: The Invention of which was greatly conteſted. *Gigas* the *Lydian* made Pretenſions to it; which *Pyrrhus* diſputed with him. The *Corinthians* likewiſe, and

* *A* Spaniſh *Statuary*.

and * *Egyptians*, put in ſeverally their Claims to it; the laſt ridiculouſly affirming to have invented it, ſome ſix thouſand Years before ever the *Grecians* came to make uſe of it: A Difficulty, I perceived, not eaſily to be clear'd up, in as much that Arts are inſenſibly almoſt carried on to Perfection, no one in particular bearing the Honour of it, but the Glory redounding to All in general.

ALL luminous Bodies do naturally project a Shade; and from thence, in all Probability, it was that Men, by obſerving the Out-lines that bounded the Shadow, took the firſt rude Hints that gave Birth to this Art. *Ardices* and *Jeliſanus* were the firſt that marked out

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* *This pretended Claim of the* Egyptians *is taken Notice of by* Pliny in lib. 35.

out theſe Lines, and colour'd over the Figure comprehended between them: *Polignotus* and *Aglaophon* brought into Uſe the black and white Colours: *Philocles* the *Egyptian* invented Lines: *Apollodorus* the Pencil: And *Antonelus* Oil; whereby he procured Eternity to Painting.

HERE the Pleaſure with which I ſurvey'd the Objects about me, was diſturbed by a Fray that broke out between the two great Rivals, *Zeuxes* and *Parrhaſius*; and as Zeal in Matters of Judgment runs commonly very high, in that it touches Man in the nobleſt Part, ſo from Words, they threaten'd coming to Blows:* *Zeuxes* was greatly incenſed at the Miſtake he was deceived

* *This Conteſt between the two Painters is taken word for word almoſt out of* Pliny *in lib.* 35, 36.

ved into by the Picture of *Parrhaſius*, and to be even with his Adverſary, drew ſome Grapes ſo natural, with a Boy holding them in a Basket, that the Birds came and picked at them. It might have lower'd his Pride, methought, altho' the Grapes were ſo well imitated, that he had ſucceeded no better with the Boy, ſince he could not frighten away the Birds. But ſo near ally'd are the greateſt Beauties with the contrary Faults, that they both lie within the ſame Piece. We made Matters up between them, and proceeded on till we came to *Ariſtides*; who was giving with his Pencil ſuch Attitudes and lively Graces to his Figures, as diſcover'd the very Paſſions and Affections of the Soul. And *Protogenes* had now e'en almoſt finiſhed his Picture of * *Jalyſus*, which

* *The Portrait of a Hunter with his Dog.*

which he had been ſeven Years about; living all that Time upon nothing but moiſten'd Pulſe; for other Food, he was afraid would clog and ſully his Fancy. This Work was deſign'd a Place in the Temple of Peace, and therefore his utmoſt Skill had been employ'd upon it; and to compleat the Piece, there was now only wanting to expreſs the Foam of a Dog; which after ſeveral ſucceſsleſs Attempts, he deſpairing ever to ſatisfy himſelf in, daſh'd a Sponge againſt it, with an Intent to blot out the whole. I was greatly ſurprized at the Paſſion I ſaw him in, to go to ſpoil what had ſtood him in ſo much Time and Labour; but I was much more ſo, when I found that the inconſiderate Daſh of the Sponge, directed by Chance, had happily effected what he in vain pretended to with

with Art; which furniſhed me with this Hint, that Chance very frequently hits right, where the greateſt Heed and Carefulneſs happen to miſcarry; and that ſometimes we ought to follow the firſt Impulſes Nature ſtirs us on to Action by, as being, perhaps, the Influences of ſome ſuperior Power: And beſides, it may ſerve to ſhew that all Succeſs in human Affairs is not to be aſcribed to the Prudence of Man, but rather to the Providence of God, by whoſe Aſſiſtance we come at it. My Attention was here drawn off by the *Spaniſh* Air and Dreſs of *Navarette* the Dumb; from whom Nature, to be even with him for his other excellent Faculties, had kept back that of Speech; ſhe foreſeeing that his Works, which were ſo many perfect Copies of hers, would ſpeak

loudly enough of themſelves: And behind him was *Diego Velaſquez*, with his Picture of *Philip* IV. to which he had given ſucn an Air of Life, and ſo admirably expreſs'd all the natural Greatneſs and Majeſty of his Mein, that it awed me into a kind of Reſpect and Reverence.

In this rich Repaſt of Painting, while I was feaſting my Eyes, I drew near to a Circle of Men, who were diſputing the Precedency of Painting and Sculpture. *Lyſippus* aſſerted it to the latter; for in this, ſaid he, a more exact Knowledge of Symmetry is required, and a greater Skill in expreſſing the Lineaments; wherein a Fault, if once committed, could not be rectified: Beſides, that Sculpture lay open to the Judgment of more

Senſes

Senſes than one, as the Touch as well as Sight, the Perfection of which conſiſted in all Sides alike: And that as to the Matter of this, it was both more precious and durable than Canvaſs, or what Painting was done on; that it much longer preſerv'd and *perpetuated* down the Memory of great Men, and was more apt to ſtrike and affect the Mind. *Apelles*, on the other Hand, produced ſeveral Reaſons and Arguments to ſecure the Preference to Painting: This, replied he, is a ſilent Hiſtory, that preſents to our View a great Variety of Actions together, diſcovers the Nature and Greatneſs of them: The Place likewiſe, and the very Motion Things are done in which it gives the Mind a pleaſing Satisfaction to know, the Pencil never fails to deſcribe; but they

they commonly eſcape the Chiſſel: And if Sculpture, by its Bulk, diſcover'd the Largeneſs of Bodies, ſo likewiſe did Painting too, although upon a plain Superficies, by rightly diſpoſing the Lights and Shades. In Sculpture Bodies kept a determinate Diſtance; but Painting could widen or contract, enlarge or leſſen the Diſtance, ſo as to deceive the Sight. And, continued he, not to mention the Advantage it has from Colours, which *in a Manner* give the utmoſt Perfection to Things, and open to the View the very inmoſt Motions of the Soul. The Noiſe and Heat they diſputed with on both Sides, would in all likelihood, have broke out into a Rupture, had not *Michael Angelo*, that great Maſter in both Arts, ſtept in between, and compoſed Matters, by de-

monſtrating to them, with three Circles interſecting each other, that Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, were all three equal, and mutually aſſiſted one the other.

WITHDRAWING from this Buſtle, we made towards the City Gate, which was adorned with a beautiful Arch, whereon the ſeven Liberal Sciences, Grammar, Logick, Rhetorick, Arithmetick, Muſick, Geometry, and Aſtronomy, ſtood join'd hand-in-hand. The Gates were of that Braſs, or *Corinthian* Metal, ſo famed by the Antients, all fraught with Figures in a beautiful Relief; which put me upon enquiring of *Polydore Virgil*, for he was juſt by me, who the Artiſt was, and what Hiſtory was meant by them. Upon that Gate, ſaid he, is engraved the Invention

tion of Printing, done by a *Florentine*, whoſe Chiſſel has left no Part of the World a Stranger to its Fame. Don't you ſee, continued he, pointing up with his Hand, that Set of Men whoſe ſtern and auſtere Countenances ſhew a Contempt of all the Opinions and Goods of Mankind? how diſreſpectfully they caſt their Eyes upon that Virgin there, with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and a Trumpet in her Hand, who makes a Motion to fly away, being incenſed at their Scoffs and inſolent Jeers, and to bend her Courſe up towards that craggy Mountain? She, then, is Glory; and thoſe Men, ſaid he, are the Stoicks, who make but a Jeſt of her, and deny her to have a Place among the Real Goods of Mankind, as being a Felicity foreign to the Nature of the Soul, and quite

out of its Reach, and that depends upon the Opinion others entertain of us. She is highly provok'd at this Uſage of theirs, and takes her Flight, as you ſee, being accompanied only with a few noble Spirits to the Top of that Mountain; where, proſtrate at the Feet of her Mother Virtue, who inhabits thoſe rude Deſarts, in Company with *Vigilance*, *Labour*, and *Art*, her three conſtant Attendants, ſhe complains to her of the Diſregards and ill Treatment of thoſe Philoſophers. *Virtue* endeavours to comfort her, by reminding her of the good Effects of her Fame, continued down in the Feats of Antient Heroes, and to be carried on to future Ages by thoſe, who ſhall open new Ways and Tracts in the Ocean, to the Diſcovery of other Worlds, the known one being of too narrow Limits

for

for the Mind of Man. Alas! replies *Glory*, you always offer at removing my Uneaſineſs, with what rather aggravates it: What, tho' my Fame be great, yet you know how empty and periſhable it is, ſince that it relies upon the Tongues of others, and is form'd of nothing but Words, the Daughters of the Wind, into which again it is reſolv'd; affording Occaſion of Triumph to my moſt mortal Enemy *Oblivion*. Theſe Words of *Glory*, being follow'd with Tears, as you may eaſily diſcern by her Countenance, prevail upon *Virtue* to give Orders to *Art*, that Damſel you ſee her leaning upon, to procure ſome Remedy for the making *Fame* immortal. *Art* obeys her; and if you carry your Eye a little farther that Way, ſaid he, you'll ſee her conſulting with *Night*, that Virgin whoſe Mantle, all beſpangled with

Stars, half covers her Face over; who tells her, that as the great Architect of the Univerſe had ſtamp'd his Eternal Decrees upon a dark Fold of his Garment in Characters of Light, ſo it would be practicable to expreſs, and to give a Body to the Conceptions of the Mind, with ſome black Dye upon white Paper; which, in ſpite of *Oblivion*, would make Words the Vehicle of *Fame*, equally laſting with *Obſcurity* herſelf, into which *Oblivion* endeavoured to ſink *Fame*.

ART is highly pleas'd with this Suggeſtion of *Night*; and, as ſhe is preparing to make *Ink*, the Gods that ſit in yonder Clouds with, their Eyes intent upon the Affair, foreſeeing that this Invention would advance *Glory* into the Number of the Gods, they ſtrive who

who ſhall applaud her Deſign firſt, and help to bring it to Perfection. *Bacchus* ſupplies her with Wine, *Jupiter* with Galls, *Pomona* with Gum-Arabick, *Veſta* with Vitriol, *Phœbus* with Heat; which, together with the other Materials, make Ink; of which thoſe Bottles you ſee there are full, as likewiſe the Trenches you muſt have taken Notice of at your Entrance: And this is what has procured Immortality to *Glory*, and is the main Support of this Republick.

UPON the other Gate proceeded *Polydore*, a *Spaniard*, that received his Birth upon the Banks of *Segura*, *who purchaſed rather Envy than Wealth to himſelf by his Abilities*, has engraved the Invention of Printing. There you may ſee how Religion, af-

ter the ſeveral Countries ſhe has traverſed over in the World, and the Ignorance and profane Abuſe ſhe has met with, at length arrives at *Spain*; where the *Tagus* with Adoration receives her, and pays the true Worſhip to her, erecting to her Temples, and acknowledging but one ſupreme Being the firſt Cauſe of all Things. *Religion*, pleas'd with theſe Demonſtrations of Kindneſs ſhewn her by the *Tagus*, does in a full Council of the Gods repreſent the Obligations ſhe lies under to the infinite Majeſty of *Jove*; through whom the reſt act, not as diſtinct from him, but as Parts derived from his eternal Eſſence. The Council, after ſome Deliberation upon the important Service done to *Religion*, unanimouſly almoſt agreed, that the leaſt they can do is to enlarge the Dominion of the *Tagus*

to

to the utmoſt Bounds of *Europe*, quite to the Coaſts of *Africa*. But *Oceanus*, the Father of the Gods, thinking this too mean a Return for ſuch a Nation, propoſes to the reſt that other Diviſion of the World, which either was never known, or elſe has been forgot by Men ſince the profound Depths and mountanous Heaps of Waters have disjoin'd it from the *Triple Continent*. The Diſcovery and Conqueſt of this new World, ſays the God, is but a juſt Reward for ſo brave and pious a People as the *Spaniards*. All the Gods concur with him in his Opinion; and, as it is too difficult a Deſign to be brought about by ordinary Means, it being next to an Impoſſibility almoſt to reduce to Obedience, and civilize ſuch vaſt Nations, and at ſuch a Diſtance from one another, with a ſmall

Number of Men; the Celeſtial Conclave diſpenſes, out of their infinite Wiſdom, the convenient Means for effecting it. *Nereus* facilitating the Voyage thither by the Help of the Loadſtone; *Mars* inventing Gunpowder; *Vulcan* furniſhing them with Artillery, wherewith the *Spaniards*, as if arm'd with Thunder, may ſubdue the Barbarians by Multitudes; and the better to propagate *Religion* by the Help of Books, *Mercury*, to excuſe them not only from the immenſe Labour of Scribes, but their Ignorance and Errors too, inventing Types; which *Vulcan* there is caſting in Lead and other hard Metal; and * *Phiton*, he who ſtands a little behind *Vulcan*, is blending

* *Who this* Phiton *was, I no where find; nor do I think likely that he was the Inventor of Printing Ink; for* Polydore Virgil, *whom our Author has chiefly follow'd,*

ing together Soot with Linſeed Oil; with which ſlimy Matter the Types being ſmeared over, and afterwards preſs'd, leave their Impreſſion upon the Paper; ſo that now one ever ſo ignorant, may draw off almoſt infinite Numbers of Sheets in a Day's Time, altho' not able to write a Word.

SUCH Maſterly Art ran through the Work of the Gates, that I could not but imagine *Ingenuity* herſelf to reſide there: And as I advanced further in, I caſt my Eyes upon the Portraits of the Inventors of Letters diſpoſed in ſeveral Niches: The firſt were

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low'd, mentions a Gentleman, by Name Joannes Cuthenbergus, *as the Inventor both of Printing and of this Sort of Ink: His Words are theſe,* — Imprimendarum literarum artem excogitavit (Joannes Cuthenbergus.) — non minore induſtria reperto ab eodem, prout ferunt Auctore (Joanne videlicet ſupra dicto) novo Atramenti genere, quo nunc Literar. Impreſſores tantum utuntur. Vid. Polydor. Virg. de rerum Invent. lib. 2. cap. 7.

were the *Chaldeans*, next the *Aſſyrians* and *Phœnicians*; and among them were more eminently conſpicuous, *Palamedes*, the Inventor of four Letters; *Simonides* who found out as many more; and *Cadmus* the Inventor of Sixteen. * *Claudius Cæſar* likewiſe was honoured with his Picture there, for the Addition he made to the *Greek* Language of four Letters. Two ſupercilious Grammarians in an old-faſhon'd Dreſs, with Beards down to their very Girdles, loaded with Satchels, and great Bunches of Keys, were the Porters to theſe Gates: So intolerable was their Arrogance, and ſo inſolently proud were they of their Charge, that would my Curioſity have permitted me, I ſhould cer-

* Claudius *invented only three Letters*; Vid. Taciti Annal. lib. 11. *and* Suetonius *in* Vita Claudii ſub. finem.

certainly have turn'd back, rather than be obliged to them for Entrance. I no ſooner paſs'd through the Gate, but a fine Edifice, with a large Area, or quadrangle Opening before it, ſo alarm'd my Curioſity, that it immediately put me upon asking *Polydore* what it was; who anſwered, That it was the Cuſtom-Houſe, or Probation-Office, where all the Books ſent to the Republick, from all Parts of the World, were brought. The whole Place was cover'd over with Loads of Books. Some Carriages, it was remarkable, were ſadly put to it, to drag only one Book at a Time, the Beaſts, panting and dropping with Sweat: So inſupportable a Load is Stupidity, as to make the very Sides of a Mule crack to bear it. Theſe Loads of Books were put under the Examination of ſeveral grave Cenſors, each

each recognizing thoſe Books that fell under his Profeſſion; who, after a ſtrict Peruſal, only admitted ſuch for the Service of the Republick, as were the genuine Iſſue of their Authors, and well done; ſuch as might improve the Underſtanding, and be of Uſe to Mankind. But as for the reſt, not to loſe the Paper, though the Work was good for nothing, they very prudently, deſigned them for the domeſtick Services and Occaſions of the Republick, laughing at the vain Appetite the Authors of them thirſted with after Glory. I drew up to one of the Cenſors, who had, I perceived, under his Inſpection all the Law-Books; and he being quite ſurfeited with the immenſe Heaps of Codes, Tracts, Deciſions, and Councils, made this Exclamation; O *Jupiter!* if thou haſt any Regard for

Things

Things below, why doſt thou not favour us every hundred Years, at leaſt, with a *Juſtinian*; or elſe let looſe upon us whole Swarms of *Goths*, who may put a Stop to this Inundation, as it were, of Books. And without opening any more, he gave them by the Groſs to light Fires with, and to put Fiſh or Hog's Lard in.

THE Cenſor of the Books of Poetry had whole Waggon-Loads of Poems, Comedies, Tragedies, Satires, Eclogues both Paſtoral and Piſcatorial, brought to him.

THE amorous Pieces the old Gentleman very pleaſantly devoted to be made Patch-Papers of for the Ladies, to wind Worſted upon, or wrap up Sweet-Meats or *Kentiſh Cherries* in. The Satirical

cal, he ordered to be made Needle and Pin-Paper of, to fold up Pepper and Snuff, or to weigh Things in: But very few of these, when examin'd, proved worthy the being acquainted with. Much the same Success had the Books of Astronomy, Astrology, Necromancy, Sortileges, Divinations, and Chymistry; for even almost all of them were sent to be made Sky-Rockets, and other Fire-Works of.

THE Censor that received all the Philological Books shewed great Uneasiness in his Face, being up to the Head and Ears in Commentaries, Quæries, *Annotationes*, *Scholia*, *Observationes*, *Castigationes*, *Centuriæ*, and *Lucubrations*: But every now and then he would break out into great Fits of Laughter at the *Greek* Titles, *Latin* Books, or others in the Vulgar

Vulgar Tongue, were decorated with; whereby the Authors ſottiſhly imagined to give Authority to their Works: juſt as Fathers out of the ſame Kind of Vanity, are apt to give their Children the Names of *Charles* and *Pompey*, thinking that the Names will infuſe into them the Bravery and Greatneſs of thoſe renown'd Men. Some of theſe Books the Cenſor kept; but moſt of them he ordered for the Apothecaries to entitle their Pots with, which are uſually entitled with *Greek*, altho' the Simples contain'd in 'em be of the Growth of ſeveral Nations. I ſmiled at the Application he made of them, and could not but admire the pleaſant Manner he puniſhed in the Vanity of thoſe too, who ſcattered up and down their Works Scraps of *Greek*.

MOST of the Hiſtorical Books were excluded the *Cuſtom-Houſe*; and order'd to be cut into Triumphal-Arches, Feſtoons, and other Paper Figures; as thoſe of Phyſick, were converted into Wads for Guns, as mortal to the full as Ball; and thoſe of natural Philoſophy, were to be cut into Paper Cats and Dogs.

AT this Juncture there arrived from ſeveral Parts in the North, from *France* and *Italy*, Mules laden with Books of Politicks, and other State Matters, numberleſs Aphoriſms and Commentaries upon *Tacitus*, the Republicks of *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*. This noiſome and pernicious Baggage fell under the Cenſure of a vene-

venerable Elder, whoſe grave Countenance beſpoke the Wiſdom and Candour of his Mind; who, when he beheld thoſe Loads, cry'd out; "O you "Books! that are openly acknowledg'd "to be dangerous, in which Religion "and Truth are made to ſerve a Turn "and a Conveniency? what Tyran-"nies have you ſet up in the World? "and how many Kingdoms and Com-"monwealths have your Councils over-"turn'd? Upon Deceit and Malice it "is, that you pretend to ground the "Preſervation and Security of States "upon, little conſidering how ſhort of "Duration ſuch muſt be, that ſtand "upon ſuch falſe Bottoms: Whereas "Religion and Truth only eſtabliſh "Government upon fix'd and immove-"able Foundations. Happy therefore

"alone

" alone is that Prince, who, by the " Strength of his own Genius, learns " bleſſedly to reign with Prudence." I very conſiderately weigh'd theſe important Reflections, and concluded from the Scope of them, that he would condemn theſe Books to be made Paper-Mills of, to be carried away by every Wind, or elſe into Vizor-Masks; ſince that the whole Study of Politicians, is to gloſs over Falſhood, and to make it reſemble Truth; and, with an artful Diſſimulation of their Knavery, to diſguiſe their Deſigns. But, however, he order'd them directly for the Fire, giving this for his Reaſon, That the Paper of them carried ſo much Venom in it, that to ſuffer them to go about in Shops only by Pieces, would be to endanger the publick Peace;

Peace; and therefore it was much the ſafeſt Way, to commit them to the Flames. This rigorous Procedure of his, made me ſhrink up my Shoulders for fear of my *Political Emblems*, altho' I had compoſed them with the greateſt Regard to Religion, Reaſon, and Juſtice. It affected me with ſo great a Concern to ſee the Labour of ſo many Men quite flung away, that I could no longer attend to the ſevere Examination, but enter'd forthwith into the Cuſtom-Houſe; where I was diverted in a four-ſquare Hall, at the Hurly-burly there was in weighing of Authors Talents, and ſettling to each their true Worth. Upon the Roof of the Hall, was drawn all the Brightneſs of the eighth Sphere with the ſeveral Conſtellations, the Zodiack, adorn'd with its twelve Signs, interſecting the

Sphere

Sphere, and from the four Corners, upon which this Circle was drawn, there ruſh'd forth the four Winds; the Eaſt Wind came forth wrapt in white Clouds; the Weſt, ruddy and turbulent; the South Wind breathed out Flowers; and the North ſhook out of his gloomy Mantle, Snow and Hail. Upon the four Sides were deſcribed the Seaſons of the Year; the Spring was crown'd with Roſes; the Summer ſhew'd herſelf deck'd with Ears of Corn; Autumn with Vine-leaves; and Winter appear'd cover'd over with dry and parch'd up Brambles. In the Middle of the Hall, there hung up a *Roman* Balance, with a ſmall Weight hard by it; at which Mens Talents were weigh'd by the Pound and Ounce; but their Judgments only by Drams

Drams and Scruples. And hard by, at the Light of a Window, ſtood *Hernando de Herrera*, ſumming up with cloſe Attention the ſeveral Weights, and comparing the Talents of one Author with thoſe of another by a Touch-ſtone; wherein he was, methought, very liable to ſome Miſtakes, inaſmuch that Wits are not always what they ſeem to be; ſome being at firſt Sight lively, and to Appearance very ſprightly, although of little or no Sterling worth. Others again without making the leaſt Oſtentation or outward Shew, poſſeſs great Shares of it. However, I was deſirous (as

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* *An Eminent* Spaniſh *Writer*. Vid. Antonii Biblioth. Hiſpan.

(as he was one greatly converſant in both the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* modern Poets) to enquire of him the Eſteem he held them in; to which, as I very civilly asked him, he as civilly made Anſwer, When the *Roman* Empire fell, ſaid he, it carried along with it into Ruin, as is uſual, the Arts and Sciences; but when that Bulk of Greatneſs became divided, and cantoned out into particular Dominions and Governments over *Italy*, Peace again lifted up her Head, and the Arts and Sciences began to flouriſh anew.

PETRARCHA was the firſt, who, in that dark Confuſion of Ignorance, ſtruck out from his own Genius, as from a rich Flint, Sparks that gave Light to the *Italian* Poetry. His Spirit, Elegancy, Beauty, and Erudition, equal him to the

the moſt diſtinguiſhed among the antient Poets.

DANTE, in ſtudying to ſhew the Scholar, ceaſed to be the Poet; and in ſhewing the Poet, appear'd leaſt the Scholar; for he ſoars above ordinary Underſtandings, miſſing his Aim to inſtruct with Delight, which is the Life of Poetry, nor imitating well, which is the Form of it.

LEWIS ARIOSTO, through the Richneſs of his Vein, and the Fertility of his Invention, broke the ſacred Laws of an Epic Poem in the Unity of it; who not confining himſelf to one Heroe, celebrates a great many in one entertaining and ingenious Diſcourſe; but the Thread of it is often interrupted, and not fine enough: And

Marino, in his *Adonis*, followed him in this Licence, being more intent to pleaſe than inſtruct, whoſe Invention and Elegancy form a beautiful Parterre with ſeveral Beds of Flowers in it.

TORQUATO TASSO obſerves with a more religious Awe the Precepts of the Art in his Poem, which ought not to be approach'd but with Reſpect and Reverence.

AND what happen'd to the *Italians* fell out in common to the *Spaniards*; for, while their Necks lay under the *African* Yoke, they were ſo haraſs'd with cruel Serpents coming over among them from the ſeveral Provinces of *Africa*, that their Muſes were frighten'd away into their Retirement upon the Mountains, to tune their Inſtruments; till *Juan de Mena* removed their

their Fear; and amidſt the Noiſe and Din of Arms, drew them forth from their Solitude, to raiſe the agreeable Harmony of their Voices: In him there is a great deal to be learn'd and admired, altho' not the beſt to be imitated; for ſo horrid were their Laws of Conſonants that ſprang up in the Midſt of Ignorance, as that they were contented with putting their Conceptions into Couplets, tho' ever ſo ordinary. After him flouriſhed the Marquis *de Santillana*, *Gorci*, *Sanchez. Coſtana*, *Cartagena*, and others, who came by little and little to apply the File to their Works.

AUSIAS MARCH writ in the Dialect of *Lemoſina*, and ſhews himſelf a Maſter in the Theory or ſpeculative Part of Love; who gave Hints to *Petrarcha*, which he, with his more elegrant Pen,

improved, and in a Manner made his own.

WHEN the Times grew more polite, *Garcilaſſo* aroſe, who, by the Strength and natural Efficacy of his Genius, and the Aſſiſtance he had from Foreigners, carried Poetry to a more exalted Pitch. He was the Chief in the Lyrick Kind, who, with his Sweetneſs, Significancy, and well-choſen Words, unveil'd the Sentiments of the Mind; which to expreſs, as it more properly belongs to Songs and Elegies; he in them even out-did himſelf, elegantly diſplaying the Affections, and carrying them along with him wherever he pleaſed; and, if in his Sonnets, he may ſeem negligent and careleſs, it is to be charged upon the Times he lived in: In his Eclogues he, with great Decency,

makes

makes uſe of pleaſing and well-turn'd Expreſſions, that have the Air of the Country, and ſavour of the Village, but without the Booriſhneſs and Rancour of it; of which *Mantuana* and *Enzina*, in their Eclogues, are full. He tempers the Ruſticity with the Elegance of his choiſe Words, after the Pattern of *Virgil*.

In *Portugal* flouriſhed *Camoes*, the Honour of that Kingdom. He was ſoft, amorous, full of Conceits, and excellent in both the Lyrick and Epick Kind of writing. And *Boſcan*, a Contemporary of *Garcilaſſo*, as he writ in a Language not his own, deſerves the greater Praiſe, and is the more excuſable for ſome Improprieties.

To theſe ſucceeded *Diego de Mendoza*, who is lively and ſurprizing in his Sentiments and Fancy, but ſlovenly and impolite. Much about the ſame Time flouriſhed *Cetina*, who is pompous and delicate, but wants Vigour and Nerves. And then appeared with greater Luſtre *Lewis de Baraona*, an excellent Scholar, and of a noble Spirit; but ſhar'd in common with *Auſonius* the Misfortune of having no one to conſult with; ſo that he gave looſe Reins to his luxuriant Fancy, without either Reſtraint or Art. At that Time, likewiſe, lived *Juan de Arjona*, who ſet about the Tranſlation of *Statius*, animated with the very Spirit of the Author; but Death interrupted the Work, and left it only begun: In which he ſhews a great Vivacity and

and Genius, confining himſelf to the Laws of Tranſlation, without deſcending to Trifles; as *Anguilara*, has done in his Tranſlation, or rather Paraphraſe of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*.

DON ALONSO DE ERCILLA, altho' taken up in the Hurry and Occupation of Arms, which prevented his acquiring all the Learning neceſſary for ſuch a Work, does diſcover in his *Arancana* a great Spirit, accompanied with a rich and flowing Facility.

ABOUT our own Times there reviv'd a *Marcial Cordues*, in the Perſon of *Lewis de Gongoza*, the Delight of the Muſes, and Favourite of the Graces; a great Maſter in the *Caſtillan* Language; who, when he delights himſelf in toying with it, and in diſ-

playing the Pleaſantry and pretty Turns of the Equivocal Words in it, he diſcovers an incomparable Sagacity. And in Things more ſerious, when he gives a Looſe to his Imagination, he is exact and clear, his Conceptions not being too ſubtle and refined to be underſtood; which indeed was his Caſe afterwards, when he withdrew himſelf from the Vulgar, and affected to be obſcure, a Fault, however pardonable in him, even in that he was noble and inimitable. His *Polyphemus* ſometimes ſtumbles for want of Light; but then he takes the larger Strides for it: If he ſometimes loſes himſelf in the Deſarts, he afterwards appears with the greater Pleaſure to thoſe who purſue him, and penetrate into the Author's Subtilties. *Bartholomy Leonardo de Argenſola*, his Contemporary, was the Pride of *Arragon*, and

and Oracle of *Apollo*; whoſe Eloquence, Erudition, and Solidity, attended with ſuch a noble and ſublime Fancy; ſo perſpicuous and judicious a Diſpoſition of his Words and Sentences, will be ever the Admiration of all, though to be imitated but by few. Too haſty a Pen ſully'd his Works with ſome Blemiſhes, which the Careleſneſs of the Preſs afterwards enlarged; a Misfortune which moſt Poſthumous Works are liable to.

LOPEZ DE VEGA is an illuſtrious Branch of *Parnaſſus*; of ſo redundant an Invention, that he was only at a Loſs what to chooſe. His Copiouſneſs, which he was too much enamoured with, made him deſpiſe the Scantineſs and Dryneſs of Art. His Works are like a rich Wardrobe, wherein one may

pick and cull Jewels in the great Variety to his Fancy.

AFTER the pleaſing Account I was entertained with by him of theſe Authors, not being particular in the Order and Rank he diſpoſed them in; I was going out of the Cuſtom-Houſe, when the confuſed Noiſe of numberleſs Voices that broke forth from the Schools on one Side of us, ſuſpended my Attention for a while; till, by my Curioſity being carried into them, I found *Antonio de Nebrija*, *Miguel de Alvarez*, and others, inſtructing Youth in *Grammar*; without a thorough Knowledge of which none could be admitted a Denizen of the Republick. The tireſome and infinite Number of Grammar Rules, altho' greatly reduced by *Sanchez. Brocenſis*, in his Learned *Minerva*; which

which was, however, enlarged again by *Gaſper Schiopius*; ſo burdened the Capacities of the Youth, that a great many through Impatience quitted their Studies, altho' of ſuitable Abilities for Learning; and, out of the great Averſion they bore to Grammar, choſe rather to apply themſelves to the Army, or ſome Trade, to the great Detriment of the Republick, of which they were thereby incapable ever to become Citizens. Others, likewiſe, in attaining to an ordinary Skill in the *Latin* Tongue, having conſumed four or five Years, the beſt Time of their Lives for them to improve in the Sciences, were at laſt entire Strangers to the uſeful Parts of Knowledge. It gave me great Uneaſineſs to think that ſo much Miſchief proceeded only from Ignorance; and, therefore, ſaid I to

Varro

Varro, how is it that ſo much Time is flung away in teaching only a Language, which, without Rules, by Uſe and Practice, might as well as other Languages be learned in three or four Months? and why are not the Sciences taught, as the *Grecians* and old *Romans* were uſed to do, in the Mother Tongues; ſince that almoſt all of them are capable on't? To which his Anſwer was, That moſt People diſproved the received Method of Teaching Grammar, ſo there were certain Cuſtoms that all diſliked, yet all fell in with them: And in *Spain*, continued he, the worſt on't is, and that not ſo much owing to the *Method*, as to the Neglect in Parents, that they don't take Advantage of the younger Years of their Children, when they are apteſt and beſt diſpoſed by Nature for learning Languages: and

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the like holds good in other Nations; for no ſooner do Children begin to babble, but forthwith a *Latin Accidence*, or *Propia quæ Maribus*, is clapp'd into their Hands. Then, as to the Sciences, it would be altogether improper to expoſe and make them common in the Mother-Tongue; beſides, that ſince the *Roman* Empire was broke to Pieces the *Latin* Tongue, which was ſo univerſal came almoſt to be loſt, it was neceſſary to preſerve it, not only upon account of the many learn'd Books writ in it, but alſo that different Nations might enjoy the Benefit of one another's Studies, and Improvements, they being made publick in one common and general Language; which could not otherwiſe be brought about but by the endleſs Fatigue of Tranſlations; which disfigure

gure and greatly impair the Strength of their Originals.

BEHIND the Schools were all the moſt famous Univerſities in the World; as that of * *Berytus*, built firſt by *Diocleſian* and *Maximinian*, and rebuilt afterwards by the Emperor *Juſtinian*: That likewiſe built by *Theodoſius* in *Poland*: Thoſe of *Padua*, *Vienna*, *Ingolſtat*, *Salamanca*, *Alcala*, and others. The Students were all in a Confuſion, engaged in hot Diſputes, all the Blood of their Bodies being ſummon'd up into their Faces, and toſſing their Hands about in the greateſt Diſorder; all obſtinately aſſerting, but not one convinced: Which ſhew'd me how well adapted is the Hieroglyphick of the *Egyptians*, that repreſents Schools by

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* *A Univerſity very famous for Lawyers in the Time* Juſtinian *the Emperor.*

a Graſhopper. The Advantages reaped in moſt of theſe Univerſities but little anſwered the Labour and Time ſpent in them; for their Arrogance far exceeded their Knowledge, and more was doubted amongſt them, than really learned. Such a Space of Time, not their Aquirements advanced them to the Degrees of Batchelors and Doctors, nay, ſometimes Money alone procured them their magnificent Diploma's, and dubb'd the *Ignoramus Profeſſor*, authorizing him to read publick Lectures, and to retail the Sciences at ſo much *per* Quarter.

HERE I was fix'd in Attention at the ſolemn Proceſſion the Hiſtorians of *Greece*, *Rome*, and other Nations, made by me in a moſt regular and decent Order; whom, as they paſſed me one by

by one, *Polydore*, at my Requeſt, was pleaſed to inform me of, giving me their Names and Characters. This, (ſaid he) that advances foremoſt with that Circumſpection, and moves ſo ſlowly on, is *Thucydides*; who, in Emulation of *Herodotus*, writ his ſententious Hiſtory of the *Peloponeſian* War: He that next comes ſo penſive, and with a down-caſt Countenance, is *Polybius*, who writ forty Books of the Punick Wars; but we have only five of them left; which have in a Manner eſcaped the Injury of Time, but not the Malice of *Sebaſtian Maccio*; who has thro' Ignorance treated him ill, not knowing that his Deſign was not to give a naked Relation only of Things, but likewiſe to inſtruct.

AND

AND he that follows in the looſe and plain Dreſs, whoſe Countenance diſcovers an ingenuous and prudent Mind, that ſets free from the baſe Slavery of Flattery, is *Plutarch*; ſo great a Maſter in both the Arts Military and Political, that, as *Bodin* has obſerved of him, he may paſs for an Umpire in both.

THE other that approaches with that eaſy and ſmiling Countenance that lively and engaging Air, is *Xenophon*, call'd by *Laertius*, the *Athenian Muſe*, and by others more properly, the *Attic Bee*.

HE in that ſhort, but neat and elegant Dreſs, is *Salluſt*, a profeſs'd Enemy to *Cicero*; whoſe conciſe Brevity comprehends more than the moſt verboſe

boſe Eloquence; which, however, was cenſured by *Aſinius Pollio*, and * *Seneca*, who think him obſcure, bold in his Tranſlations, and his Sentences unfiniſhed, and left off.

HE with the thick Eye-brows, aquiline Noſe, and a large Pair of Spectacles, that draws up this Way with ſhort but quicker Steps than the reſt, and with an unaffected and genteel Air, is *Tacitus*, that great Favourite of the Emperour *Claudius*; who order'd his Picture to be put up in all Libraries, and his Works to be copied over ten times

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* *I wonder how the Author happen'd to charge* Seneca *in common with* Pollio, *as agreeing with the latter in the Judgment he made of* Salluſt. Pollio, *indeed, writ a Book expreſly to ſhew his Faults; but* Seneca, *does no where ſeem, that I remember, to concur with him in his Opinion, nay, ſo far was* Seneca *from it, that he rather endeavoured to turn to the Praiſe of* Saluſt, *what* Livy *would perverſely have look like mean and affected in him.* Vid. Voſſi de Hiſtor. Lat. & Senec. Controver. 25. lib. 5.

a Year. All this Diligence, however, could not reſcue from Oblivion the far greateſt Part of his Works; and thoſe we have continued down to us, lay many Years buried in Obſcurity before they came to be made publick by a *German*; who, with his Countryman the Inventor of Gun-Powder, makes it a Queſtion, which made the World the worſt Preſent. Such tyrannical Doctrines run through theſe Works, and ſuch deadly Poiſon has been imbibed from this Fountain, that *Budæus* calls him the moſt flagitious among Writers. But ſo great a Hazard do thoſe run that write under arbitrary Princes, that if they praiſe them, they are ſure to paſs for fawning Flatterers; if they reprove them, and pry narrowly into their Vices, they are then thought ſpightful and malicious. But, how-

however, this Calumny charged upon him by *Budæus* is wiped off, and made up to him by others, who as laviſhly commend him, *Pliny* calling him Eloquent, *Vopiſcus*, *Spartian*, and *Sidonius*, loading him with the greateſt Encomiums.

MIND, mind, (ſaid *Polydore*) that ſerene Countenance, thoſe prominent Lips that diſtill very Honey; obſerve well his Dreſs, all embroider'd with Flowers. This is *Titus Livy*, of equal Glory to the *Romans*, with the Extent of their Empire. He ſhunn'd the Impiety of *Polybius*, but gave indeed into its oppoſite Superſtition, which uſually happens, that avoiding one Fault, we unluckily fall into another.

Now

Now carry your Attention towards him that follows: Take Notice of his particular Garb, which in its Way is ſo perfect, that to pretend to alter, would be to ſpoil it: This is *Suetonius*. You may perfectly ſee by his Countenance the Uneaſineſs of his Mind, how ſcornfully he diſdains the Sycophantry of Courts, or to connive at the Faults of Princes, tho' ever ſo ſmall; if ſuch may be call'd ſo, that thoſe at the Helm commit; whoſe Actions being ſo conſpicuous, the Vulgar blindly follow, either through Flattery, or ſome other baſe and ſervile Principle, not conſidering whether they be good or bad. For as ſome Jewels, tho' with Flaws in them, receive an additional Value, not their own, by the Opinion the Vulgar entertains of them, and are preferr'd to richer and more precious ones; ſo the

the Actions of Princes, tho' bad and vicious, paſs for good and commendable ones among their Subjects, who, preferrably to all others, follow thoſe Actions they have their Head a Preſident for.

HE that ſhews himſelf next with a Sword in one Hand, and his Pen in the other, is *Julius Cæſar*, who is as unparallell'd for the Bravery of the one, as he is inimitable in the Elegancy of the other; upon whom Nature has employ'd her utmoſt Efforts, in finiſhing both the Soldier and Scholar, ennobling him with an exquiſite Judgment, ſo that he ſhew his Perfections to the greateſt Advantage, and his Weakneſſes he moſt artfully diſſembeld. But, indeed, who is ſo cloſe an Adherent to the Truth, as to diſcover his own Imperfections? or can ſet ſo looſe,

and at ſuch a Diſtance from himſelf as to be able to diſcern them? For if we are ſo byaſs'd by Affection in repreſenting other Mens Actions, putting them in quite different Lights, how likely are we to be over-ſway'd by it when we ſpeak of ourſelves? and that eſpecially when our Abilities and Bravery are the Matters in queſtion?

THE genteel but plain Dreſs, handſome but not tawdry, of him that follows, continued *Polydore*, readily diſcover to you that this is *Philip de Camines*; whoſe unaffected Air and Countenance ſeem to intimate the Solidity of his Judgment. The other in a ſlovenly and impolite Habit, with his long Beard, is *Guiciardini*, that ſworn Enemy to the Houſe of *Urbin*. He in the thick Rug, which, as thick as it is, hardly keeps him warm, is *Paulus Jovius*, a Flat-

Flatterer of the Marquis *del Baſto*, and the Houſe of *Medices*, but a profeſt Enemy to the *Spaniards*, which are Faults that juſtly decry his Hiſtory.

LASTLY came up *Zurita* in the Rear, covered with a large Garment trailing after him, and accompany'd by Don *Diego de Mendoza*, who was quick and lively in his Motions. To theſe follow'd Teſty *Mariana*; who, to acquire the Reputation of a faithful and impartial Hiſtorian amongſt other Nations, took care not to ſpare his own, nay, and often to condemn it in Matters quite doubtful: He affected Antiquity, and as others pull their Beards purpoſely to look the younger, he, on the contrary, did it to make himſelf appear the older.

WHEN

WHEN the Proceſſion was ended, we continued on our Way, till oneach Side, I took Notice, there were the moſt celebrated Libraries, both antient and modern. As that of *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, adorned with 600000 Volumes; the *Vatican*; that of St. *Ambroſe* at *Milan* of 40000 Books; and ſeveral others. Among the endleſs Variety of Books we light upon, ſome the moſt Antient were writ upon Palm-Tree Leaves finely ſtitched together, and likewiſe upon the Film peal'd off between the Bark and Trunk of Trees; which, as its called *Liber* in *Latin*, it gave the Name of *Liber* to a Book. Others, again, were writ on Sheets of Lead, and on Tables covered over with Wax, the Characters whereon were made by an Iron Pin, called *Stylus* among the *Romans*; from whence came the Expreſſion *of a good or bad Style.* Others

we found done upon the inmoſt Peal of a Ruſh, found in *Egypt* about the Time *Alexander* ſubdued it; tho' ſome date the Invention of it much higher; which is call'd *Papyrus*, and from thence aroſe the Name of Paper. Some were writ on the Skins of Beaſts, call'd *Pergaminæ*, becauſe firſt invented in *Pergamus*, at the Time that *Ptolomy Philadelphus* made an Edict, no Paper ſhould be carried out of his Kingdom; being jealous of *Eumenes*, King of *Pergamus*, his compiling a Library to vie with his; even as now-a-days we ſee that Princes, in the Trade and Commerce of their Subjects, do often emulate and envy one another. The Books, I obſerved, were not bound, as they are now; but rolled about wooden and Ivory Rolls, with ſilver or golden Nobs at the End of them, whence they took their Name of Volumes. All theſe pub-

publick Buildings were ſo diſpoſed, as that they ſeem'd to terminate ſo many Streets; one of which, methought, I was juſt entering into, when I found myſelf at the Top of an eaſy Aſcent, that was divided into ſeveral riſing Hills; which were ſurrounded with loneſome Vales, that by the Solitude which reign'd throughout them, ſeem'd deſign'd for Retirement and Contemplation. At certain Diſtances there were ſcatter'd up and down in theſe Vales, little Huts or Shades, ſo mean and naked of all Ornaments, that nothing more could be meant by them, than as for Defences againſt the Inclemencies of the Seaſons; wherein, however, as I afterwards found, no deſpicable a Part of this Republick took up their Abode.

THE firſt whereof that fell under my Obſervation, were the *Gymnoſophiſts*, ly-

ing along upon the Ground quite naked, and buſily employ'd in their Philoſophical Enquiries.

AND advancing a little farther, I came to the *Druids*, who were committing their ſacred Myſteries to Writing.

THE next I paſſed, were the *Magi* of *Perſia*, the *Chaldeans*, the *Turdetans* of *Spain*, the *Indian Bracmans*, the *Rabbiniſts*, *Cabbaliſts*, *Sadducees*, and others; who were all, with the greateſt Attention, exploring into Nature's Secrets, and carrying their Diſquiſitions into her very inmoſt Receſſes, to whoſe rude and coarſe Labours it is, we owe the firſt Appearance of the Sciences. And amongſt them, I ſpy'd *Prometheus*, who for his inſatiable Thirſt after Knowledge, was ſaid to have a Vulture continually gnawing at his Heart:

He made ſuch Diſcoveries in Arts, that till then had lain hid from the World, and by imparting them to Mankind, ſo mollify'd their Barbarity, poliſh'd and civilized their rude Manners and Cuſtoms, uniting them into Societies, that by a ſmall Figure he may be ſaid to have new formed them, by inſtilling noble Sentiments into their earthly and grovelling Bodies. *Endymion*, by the cloſe Attention, he kept his Eyes fix'd upon the Moon, obſerving her ſeveral Motions and different Phaſes, ſeem'd downright enamour'd with her. *Atlas* ſtood ſo intently gazing at the Stars, that to have ſeen him, one would have imagined he ſupported the whole Firmament upon his Shoulders. *Proteus*, by his nice Speculations upon the Riſe, Growth, and Tranſmutations of Things, worked

himſelf into a Belief, that he put on their ſeveral Forms and Natures.

IN a gloomy Shade, which the tufted Branches of ſeveral Trees lovingly conſpired to make, were ſeated the ſeven Wiſe Men, *that Conſtellation of Luminaries, which by their borrow'd Light from the Eaſt, ſhone ſo bright all over* Greece. They exhibited to us a convincing Demonſtration, that as Pride is the genuine Offspring of Ignorance, ſo that Modeſty is the undoubted one of Wiſdom: For ſome Fiſher-Men of *Ionia* having by Chance taken up in their Nets out of the Sea a Golden *Tripos*, made as it was thought, by *Vulcan*, they, to prevent all Diſputes about the true Owner, ſent to conſult the Oracle upon it; who returned

ed Anſwer, it belonged to the *Wiſeſt*: Whereupon, it being brought to *Thales*, he, with a becoming Modeſty, offered it to another, who offered it to the next, and this to the fourth, till it came to *Solon*, who preſented it to God; for, ſaid he, in him alone true Wiſdom dwells. Which Action of his may ſerve to diſabuſe the Generality of Mankind of their vain Preſumption and Arrogance.

By the Side of a pleaſant Stream, were ſtanding *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Clitomachus*, *Carneades*, and other Philſophers of the Academick Sect, who were full of Doubts, never affirming any Thing for certain, always withholding their Aſſent from a Thing, 'till forced from them by Dint of Reaſons, and Strength

Arguments; and ever believing one Opinion ſtill more probable than another.

AND a little above them were the *Scepticks*, *Pyrrhus*, *Xenocrates*, and *Anaxarchas*. Theſe ſcrupulouſly doubted every Thing, neither affirming nor denying any Thing; and when any Queſtion was put to them, they ſhrunk up their Shoulders, giving to underſtand by that *Innuendo*, that they could not be ſure, or poſitively affirm any Thing. I could not diſcommend the Modeſty of theſe Philoſophers, nor think their Diffidence of human Knowledge altogether without Reaſon. Inaſmuch, that to the arriving at certain Knowledge; two Properties are abſolutely requiſite, the one in him who may be ſaid to know, and the other

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in the Thing which is the Object of our Knowledge. The Underſtanding, through which it is that we come at Knowledge, is furniſhed with its Ideas by the Senſes, both external and internal; which as they are apt to looſe their Tone and Energy, and do often vary and undergo ſeveral Alterations, by being differently affected; and from larger or fewer Supplies of Spirits; or, laſtly, from the Fineneſs of their Contexture, and Organization, no wonder ſuch Diverſity of Opinions are found amongſt Men; ſince every one conceives quite differently of what he hears or ſees, from another. And in the Things which we are ſuppoſed to know, the Uncertainty is no leſs; for in different Situations and Poſitions, they appear different with other Colours and Qualities; and

as they are placed farther or nearer to other Bodies, they put on various Forms and Appearances: Wherefore as they are ever variable, and there being no one pure ſimple and uncompounded Body, we can't ſafely affirm that ſuch and ſuch Things really are, but barely ſay that they ſeem to be ſo and ſo; which only amounts to an Opinion, and not to poſitive and certain Knowledge. Beſides, not to paſs over the greater Incertainty ſtill, that *Plato* obſerves in Things; the pure and and unmix'd Nature, ſays he, of Things being ſo ſully'd with Alloy, and concealed under ſuch different Modifications and Compoſitions, it quite eſcapes our Bodily Eyes: We only perceive the bare Reflections and Shadows, as it were, of the Things themſelves; and there-

therefore come vaſtly ſhort of real Knowledge.

In another Quarter were the Dogmatiſts, who maintained their Tenets to be certain and inconteſtable: They diſtinguiſhed all Things into Good and Bad, which neceſſarily kept their Minds in a very uneaſy and troubleſome Poſture, either in anxiouſly ſhunning the one, or purſuing the other. The Scepticks, methought, had viſibly the Advantage of theſe; for as they judged all Things to be indifferent, they were free from all Uneaſineſs, either in coveting the one, or in avoiding the other; ſo that their Felicity was entirely independent of both; but *Quot Philoſophi, tot Sententiæ:* And from the immenſe Variety of Mens Natures

Natures and Tempers, ſprung up numberleſs Sects and Schools.

THERE were up and down among the reſt, we obſerved, a Set of walking Philoſophers; whom by their *Ipſe dixit's*, I perceived to be the Peripateticks. The Stoicks next diſcovered themſelves, who were obtruding upon others with their Paradoxes and Chimæra's, reducing all Things under a Neceſſity and Fate, ſtripping themſelves of all Humanity in the Contempt they ſhewed for the Goods of Mankind; and depriving the Soul of its Paſſions and Affections.

ADVANCING forwards to another Set, called the *Pythagoreans*, I found them buried, as it were, in Silence: There every Thing was huſh'd and ſtill, but

but very few of them venturing to ſpeak, each ſolemnly obſerving the five Years of Taciturnity enjoined them: And preſently after we met the *Epicureans*, *Cynicks*, and *Heliacks*; and at a pretty good Diſtance from theſe was *Diogenes*, the moſt diſabuſed and clear-ſighted of them all: He uſually withdrew himſelf a-part into his Retirement, to employ the leiſure Hours allowed him from his Buſineſs, in the Study of the Principles of the *Stoicks*; the Rigour and Auſterity of which he wiſely tempered, diſowning himſelf to be dependent of any blind ſuperior Neceſſity; but not without natural Paſſions and Affections. He was repoſed upon the moſſy Banks of a gentle Stream, near the Head of it, and ſeem'd fix'd in Admiration at the ſlow but clear Advances of the

Water

Waters, as they paſſed him; the Beauty and Serenity of which he had deſcrib'd upon the Bark of an Elm, in the following * Lines.

Riſa del monte; de las aves Lira,
Pompa del prado, eſpejo de la Aurora
Alma de Abril, Eſpiritu de Flora
Por quien la Roſa, y el jaſmin reſpira.
Aunque tu curſo en quantos paſos gira.
Tanta juriſdicion argenta y dora
Tu claro proceder, mas me enamora.
Que lo que en ti Naturaleza admira.
Quan ſin engaño tus entrañas puras
Dex an por tranſpariente vidriera

Las

* *The Reaſon I have not beſtow'd a Tranſlation upon theſe Verſes, or Epigram, as the Author calls it, is, that I thought them not to deſerve one, the Epithets given to the Stream being moſtly bumbaſtick, the Senſe in general of them very much ſtrain'd, and the Conceit or Turn in the Tail of the Epigram forced and unnatural.*

Las Guyjuelas al numero patentes;
Quan ſin malicia candida murmuras,
O ſonſillez de aquella edad primera
Huies del Hombre y vives en las fuentes.

AND on a Branch of the Elm he had hung up an oval Buckler; in the Inſide whereof was painted a large Sea-Shell; which, tho' brown and ſwarthy without, was of a beautiful Pearl or Silver-Colour within: And in the Heart or inmoſt Fold of the Shell, which by its Brightneſs ſeemed Dew congealed, was this of *Perſius* for its Motto.

—— *Nec te quæſiveris extra.*

Whereby the Philoſopher intimated his Unconcern at the invidious Reflections made on him by others; as likewiſe

wiſe the Satisfaction of his Mind, which aroſe from the Conſciouſneſs he had of the Diſcharge of his Duty.

IN the moſt loneſome and retired Part of theſe Deſarts, Nature had, unaſſiſted by Art, left open an Entrance into the very Inſide of a Mountain; about which there hung a diſmal Gloom; a faint Glimmering of Light only entering at certain Crevices, from the ſeveral Refractions of the Sun's Rays upon the Tops of the Precipice, which overſpread the Place with Horror. My Curioſity, not eaſily to be deterred, however, together with *Marcus Varro*, whom I knew to be well acquainted with the Place, ſoon prevail'd upon me to venture in. We had not advanced many Steps, treading very anxiouſly along, before I ſtumbled

ſtumbled, and fell upon two Men; whom my Surprize repreſented to me as dead: And I was not much miſtaken; for they were next Door to it, faſt aſleep. Being awaken'd by my Fall, they both got up; when perceiving the one to be *Artemidorus*, the other *Cardan*, I took the Liberty to tell the laſt, it was a Shame he, that by his Vigilancy and Lucubrations had been of ſuch known Service and Emolument to the Republick, ſhould thus ſluggiſhly give himſelf over to Sleep, which was the very Image of Death. How, reply'd he, the Image of Death! Rather of Eternity; in which, as in a Mirror, we behold both Time paſt and future. I could not forbear ſmiling at his Conceit, thinking him to be ſtill aſleep, which I had Reaſon to fear he took ill; for, continued he, don't make a Jeſt of

Dreams.

Dreams, which impart a kind of Divinity to Man, by letting him into a Proſpect of Futurity; a View which God has reſerved peculiar to himſelf: They repreſent to us, as in a Theatre, the Images of Things, not only paſt, but that are to come, giving us a previous Admonition to guard ourſelves againſt future Contingences; and therefore Sleep is not idle, nor the Time flung away; for, if ſo, then Nature had deprived us of the better Half of Life: Beſides, how agreeable is it to Reaſon, as Man is by his Underſtanding a Reſemblance of his Maker; and as there are by God Times appointed for ſleeping and waking, that in one or other of theſe Times Man ſhould exert that Likeneſs, eſpecially ſince ſo great a Portion of his Time he lies withdrawn and retired

tired from his Senſes and the outward Man? And as God has, to ſupply the Abſence of the Sun by Night, made the Moon and Stars to rule and ſhine with their borrow'd Light; ſo likewiſe has he contrived that the Mind and Faculties of Man ſhould not lie idle, while the Body and its Senſes are huſh'd and ceaſe from Action; for then the Soul, as it is immortal, perceives its ſelf free from the Incumbrances of the Body, and retires into herſelf, and acts with more exalted Views, looking forwards into Futurity, and acquiring a kind of Preſcience of Things to come. Theſe Extravagancies of his made me think it not ſafe to continue our Diſcourſe; ſo, without making a Reply I went on.

THE

THE Way now grew inſenſibly eaſier, as the Horror of it began gradually to abate, by the Approaches we made to the Light of ſeveral Furnaces; whereby ſtood numberleſs Vials, Alembicks, and Crucibles: Here Thouſands, almoſt, of Men were employ'd with hardly a Rag to cover them: They were all in Tatters, quite ſcorched with the Fire, and horridly black'd and daub'd with the Smoak and Fumes of the Quinteſſences they extracted. The Buſineſs of theſe was to mix and compound Bodies, to cauſe Alterations, Corruptions, Sublimations, and Tranſmutations of Metals. And their Language, I think, was the ſtrangeſt I ever heard; for Lead they called *Saturn*, Tin *Jupiter*, Iron *Mars*, Gold *Sol*, Copper *Venus*, Quick-Silver *Mercury*, and by *Luna* they meant Silver. They were

were rich and abounding in Words, but in every Thing elſe poor and deſtitute; and all their greateſt Hopes vaniſh'd away in Smoke. I was at no Loſs to perceive they were Chymiſts; but I was indeed touched with ſome Concern, to ſee them ſo idly beſtow their Labour upon the vain Pretenſions to make Metals: A Buſineſs which even Nature herſelf is whole Ages in bringing about. And in order to make Gold, ſuch was their Folly, they flung away the little they had, being obſtinately bent upon their Purſuit, and by no Means taking into Conſideration, how impoſſible it is for Art to introduce any one new Form, or even, tho' aſſiſted by Nature, to exchange one Metal into another. But what ſeem'd ſtill more ſurprizing was, that Princes themſelves, out of the ſame Weakneſs with the reſt

reſt, condeſcended to blow the Bellows and aſſiſt here, their Scepters lying neglected by. But the Stench that diffuſed its ſelf from their ſeveral Salts, grew ſo intolerably ſtrong, that I was forced to haſten away; and being now only directed by that doubtful Light we entered with, we came in Sight of the *Sybils*, as the *Delphick*, *Erythræan*, *Cumæan*, and the reſt: Of which ſome were leaning upon Statues of *Apollo*; and others ſtood in the hollow Mouths of Caves. They all ſeemed fired and ſeized with divine Inſpiration; ſo ſwelled and enraged with Extaſy, as if ready to burſt, and incapable to contain the Divinity inſtilled into them. They uttered their Oracles either in Words, or gave them written upon Tree-Leaves; and by Ænigmas unvailed future Events.

PRESENTLY

PRESENTLY after, we drew up to *Hyarchus*; *Hermes* the *Egyptian*, *Zoroaſter* and *Buda* the *Chaldean*; who were ſtudiouſly making Enquiry into the Principles and firſt Cauſes of Things; the reciprocal Action of the Elements one upon another; the Combinations, Generation, and Corruption of all compounded Bodies; the Planetary Influences, and their Motions; the Nature of Vegetables and Animals: They, by myſterious Circles, Characters, and Figures, as if in Alliance with Nature, produced moſt wonderful Effects. To theſe ſucceeded the *Negromancers*, who by ſolemn Murmurs call'd forth infernal Spirits in the Bodies of deceas'd Men. The *Pyromancers* foretold Things, by flinging Pitch into a Fire, and obſerving the Noiſe it made, whether it

burn'd

burn'd clear or otherwiſe; whether the Flames went up ſtrait or crooked. They likewiſe divined by the burning of Torches, taking Notice how the Characters made upon them conſumed away. The *Hydromancers* prognoſticated by hanging Rings in Tubs of Water, and minding the particular Motion of the Water. The *Aeromancers*, who were the next, forebode Good or Ill by the different Impreſſions of the Air, which they felt in making or deſcribing in its empty void Variety of Figures. The *Sycomancers* divined by the Help of Fig-leaves, writing Names on them, and caſting them to the Wind. Others pretended to Divination, by turning over the Leaves of a *Homer*, or *Virgil*. The *Geomancers* grounded their Knowledge upon the even or odd Number of Dots they prick'd upon

upon the Earth, which they imagined to bear ſome Reference to the celeſtial Signs, and judged by them as by the Signs in the Zodiack. The Chiromancers divined by remarking the Lines in the Hand, viewing well the Colour of them, whether ruddy or pale, the Places they begun and ended at, and their different Turnings and Windings. Among theſe were likewiſe the Soothſayers, who judged of future Events by the direct or crooked Flight of Birds: Some by examining the Entrails of Beaſts, whether they were corrupted, or not, obſerving well the Colour of the Liver and the Heart, the regular or irregular Motion of the Blood, foretold Things accordingly. Others, again, took notice of the Neighing of Horſes, or the Clucking of Chickens, and ſuch like Things; whereon they made O-

mens, and proceeded to conjecture or predict future Succeſſes, whether good or bad. The Converſation of theſe People I could not but think dangerous and unſafe to enter into; for altho' my Mind was ſatisfy'd of the Vanity and Emptineſs of their Oracles or Predictions, yet I was apprehenſive how eaſily they might win upon that inquiſitive Principle in Man, to enquire into Things future, by their ſpecious Pretences: This Inquiſitiveneſs is a kind of Energy, or Spark of Divinity implanted in the Soul of Man; which, as it is an Emanation of the divine Wiſdom, ſo it always with Eagerneſs aſpires more and more to reſemble its Maker, by what chiefly evidences its Divinity, and Preſcience. Whence it is that our Curioſity is not half ſo great in looking backwards in-

to Things paſt, altho' the Difference is much the ſame between Things paſt, if we are ignorant of them, and thoſe to come, if we have no Knowledge of them.

UPON our going forth from theſe melancholy and diſmal Abodes, the Proſpect began to enliven and widen to the View; in the Midſt whereof aroſe a Hill with two towering Tops in Form of a Mitre, beſet all over with Mirtles and Laurels: And at the Bottom of it there flow'd a clear and pleaſant Stream, the abortive Stroke of *Pegaſus*'s Heel, whoſe Iron Shoe has afforded abundance of humourſome Conceits to the Poetical World. Upon the Banks of this Silver Stream were ſeated at their Eaſe *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Taſſo*, *Camues*, and *Milton*, with Laurel Crowns upon their Heads, and ſounding the Alarm

to Heroick Poetry with Silver Trumpets. *Lucan* likewiſe pretended to join the Conſort with his Braſs Trumpet, puffing and blowing; but could not reach the proper Notes. He was far exceeded by the Sweetneſs and Harmony that *Arioſto* made upon a Bag-Pipe: To theſe follow'd *Pindar*, *Horace*, *Catullus*, *Petrarcha*, and *Leonardo de Argenſola*, who made moſt raviſhing Muſick upon their golden Lires; and to their Muſick danced in regular and proper Movements; *Seneca* and *Euripides* in their Tragick Buskins; *Plautus*, *Terence*, and *Lopes de Vega*, likewiſe moving up with admirable Addreſs in their Socks, follow'd in the Rear.

In the neighbouring Plains were *Theocritus*, *Sannazarius*, and *Guarini*, feeding their Flocks; and by alternate Modu-

Modulations of their Horns, Flutes, or Rural Pipes, making ſuch Harmonious Sounds, as held the Goats in Suſpence from their Paſture. And not far off ſtood *Juvenal*, *Perſius*, *Martial*, and Don *Luis de Gongora*; who made their Remarks upon all that paſſed, darting at every one, without Exception, Bits of Sticks pointed like the Bill of a Stork: Wherefore, to eſcape their virulent Tongues, we turned away on one Side of the Rivulet, and made up towards one of the Summits of the Hill, where we diſcovered *Alfonſus*, diſtinguiſhed from the other Kings of *Spain* by the Name of *the Wiſe*; who was taking with his Aſtrolabe, directed towards the South, the Latitude of the Conſtellation of *Ariadne*'s Crown, being little aware that at the ſame Time his own Crown was

taking from off his Head. The Buſineſs of a Kingdom will not admit the Prince to ſpend his Time upon nice Speculations and cloſe Studies; which by their Agreeableneſs are apt to draw off the Mind from publick Affairs, and quite enamour it with the Delightfulneſs of Retirement and Contemplation; ſowering and defaceing it by rigid Diſputes and Enquiries, which only dim and impair the Natural Luſtre and Efficacy of it; which is of its ſelf able to point out to us thoſe Things that are to be followed or avoided. Princes, therefore, have ſomething elſe to do than idly to give up themſelves to philoſophical Studies.

I WAS carried from hence into the Body, and more habitable Part of the City; where, after a Short Survey, the Expectations I had raiſed at the Entrance

trance by the outward Appearance of it, were greatly leſſen'd; for I found nothing but mere Outſide and Shew: The Buildings were raiſed upon falſe Bottoms, and the Inhabitants diſcovered more Vanity than Judgment. Some ſeemingly new Houſes, were but old ones new done up, or built out of the Ruins of others; which made the City look like turned up Side down, and in a Confuſion, they vainly employing their Pains upon old Repairs, and refitting decay'd Buildings which did not enlarge or add to the Luſtre of the Republick; but rather leſſen'd and deprived it of thoſe Improvements, which it muſt have had, if the Members of it did ſet their Heads to work in projecting new Schemes, and Models for Palaces or publick Buildings. The People were of a very Melancholy Aſpect, thin-

jaw'd, and of very ſtupid Looks. They were continually at Variance, envying and maligning one another. The Chief Citizens, indeed, as they that had carried the Arts and Sciences to the greateſt Height, made a better Figure, and were held in great Honour and Eſteem. But other inferior Sorts of Scholars added only to the Bulk of the Populace, and ſerved to encreaſe the Vulgar; each applying himſelf to that Calling or Buſineſs which beſt ſuited with his Profeſſion. The Grammarians cry'd Greens and Walfleet-Oyſters about the Streets, ſcolding and railing at one another like *Butter-Whores*, and ſometimes at other People, without ſparing any. They called *Plato* a confuſed Fellow; *Ariſtotle* obſcure, and like an Owl, that lov'd to hide his Conceits in Obſcurity; *Virgil* a Plagiary of *Homer's*

Homer's Verſes; *Cicero*, they called timorous, full of Superfluities, that was languid and cold in his Turns, tedious in ſetting out, impertinent in his Digreſſions, ſometimes vehement and fired, but unſeaſonably: *Pliny* they compared to a diſturbed River, that overwhelm'd all Things in its Way: *Ovid* was, ſaid they, eaſy and profuſely copious; *Aulus Gellius* was too looſe and diffuſed; *Salluſt*, an affected Fellow; and *Seneca*, Mortar without Sand.

THE Criticks cry'd old Cloaths, and Shoes to mend.

THE Rhetoricians ſerved the Republick in Quality of Mountebanks, ſetting off and vending, with pompous Words, their Elixirs and Specificks.

THE Hiſtorians were Match-Makers, as being well acquainted with the different Intereſts and Genealogies of Families.

THE Poets ſold up and down the Streets Fly-Cages, Noſegays, ſweet Sugar-cakes, and hot Grey-Peas.

THE Phyſicians ſerved for Butchers, Undertakers, and Jackketches; for ſuch was the Wiſdom of the Republick, that no Apothecaries were ſuffer'd, but were obliged to make Guns, and other Pieces of Artillery; and their Place was ſupplied by *Dioſcorides*, who went about crying Plants, Simples, and Druggs.

THE Aſtrologers apply'd themſelves to Navigation and Agriculture.

THE

THE Opticians were the Glaziers to to the Republick; who diſpoſed the Lights and Windows in Tradeſmens Shops to the beſt Advantage.

THE Logicians were Brokers, and ſuch as ſold Bargains for others.

THE Philoſophers were for the moſt Part Gardeners.

THE Lawyers ſerved as Beadles, and other Officers of the Peace.

THE Miſcellany-Writers ſold inlaid Cabinets and Tables, after the *Moſaick* Faſhion.

THE Catalogue-Writers were Hackney-Porters, to be employ'd by the reſt.

IN

IN this Republick, as in thoſe of *Lacedæmon* and *Egypt*, it was accounted praiſe-worthy to ſteal, under the Pretence of Imitation. The Shopkeepers made ſuch frequent Robberies one upon another, that as I was told it was a common Thing to ſee Men newly ſet up with only other People's Goods. But this Privilege was moſtly abuſed by Lawyers and Poets; the firſt having the Advantage both of numberleſs Books and Manuſcripts; and the laſt going into Houſes to diſpoſe of their Ditties and Ballads, ſtole away the beſt Things they could lay their Hands on.

THE Government and Adminiſtration of the Publick Weal, was committed to the Care of ſeveral appro-

ved Senators; who, for their Age and Experience, were held in great Awe and Veneration by the People. *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Dion*, and *Appian*, were entruſted with the Management of Affairs at Home. And *Cæſar*, *Paterculus*, *Ammianus*, and *Polybius*, diſcharged all the military Buſineſs. *Tacitus* had the Care of the Politicks. And the Cenſors were *Diodorus*, *Mela*, and *Strabo*. And as the Body Political, no more than the Natural, can't be thought well conditioned and firm, altho' the Head be good and ſound, and the Members of it rightly organized and adapted, if the Stomach, which is the Secretary in civil Body, proves too weak well to digeſt Matters, or, for want of Uſe and Concoction, fails to ſupply the ſeveral Parts with their proper Nutriment: The Republick therefore had wiſely made

made choice of *Suetonius*, who was a great Miniſter, bred up in Buſineſs, well verſed in the Natures and Humours of Nations, jealous, prudent, and ſecret.

DOWN one of the Streets came *Mecænas*, lolling in a Litter, carried by eight Slaves dreſs'd after the *Roman* Manner; and by the Side of it follow'd *Virgil*, complaining to him of *Horace*; who, notwithſtanding all the Favours and Honours he had conferr'd upon him, had dared to mutter againſt him, under the feign'd Name of *Malthinus*, for having his Robe to trail after him. I laugh'd a little at the Matter; but more at *Mecænas*, that he ſhould ſquander away his Subſtance in countenancing a bold preſumptuous Varlet, without any Regard to the Danger of encouraging ſuch ſheer and ſatyrical Wits, whom it is prudent to eſteem,

eſteem, but by all Means to keep at a Diſtance; for ſuch an Aſcendant does Vanity bear over them, that Gratitude has always the worſt in the Struggle: They will not ſpare ſometimes to put their beſt Friend to the Bluſh, diſcloſing his moſt ſecret Faults, rather than keep in a Jeſt, or a *bon Mot*.

APULEIUS paſſed thro' the City upon an Aſs, with Hundreds of People flocking after him; ſome hiſſed him; and others cry'd out, Stop Thief; for it was ſaid, he had ſtole the Aſs. Oh! how eaſily, thought I, does the Vulgar receive as juſt all the Calumnies aſpers'd upon Great Men; whom, tho' before they never vouchſafed to look at, or take Notice of, yet when once Envy has faſten'd her Teeth upon them, how readily they all turn

their

their Eyes, and gaze upon them. And juſt ſo it happens, which may be of ſome Eaſe to Virtue, likewiſe to the Moon, that while ſhe labours under an Eclipſe, ſhe has the Eyes of all fix'd and intent upon her; tho' ſcarcely any one minds her, when in full Splendor ſhe irradiates the Horizon.

OVER-AGAINST a large and open Street ſtood confronting it a magnificent Edifice, which by its Grandeur I imagined to be ſome publick Structure; and upon Enquiry, they told me, it was *Bedlam*, deſign'd rather for the Diſtinction of Fools and Madmen, than for their Cure; for each was permitted the free Exerciſe of his Caprices and Maggots. Such a Separation was, methought, entirely needleſs in a Community, which might its ſelf paſs very well for ſuch a Place, as it conſiſted

ſifted of the greateſt Wits, of which none was ever without ſome Mixture of Madneſs. The two Porters that kept the Door, were each in a brown Study aiming at Impoſſibilities, in a manner, and heedleſs of all that came and went. The one with a half-ſtarved and drowzy Countenance, was endeavouring to ſquare the Circle upon a Wall: The other flatter'd himſelf with having made an Inſtrument for finding out the Longitude.

VERY ſingular were the *Reveries* and Extravagancies that occurr'd to us in the different Apartments: In one Place were the Diſciples of * *Raimond Lullius* turning a Parcel of Wheels about, as

* *An extraordinary and univerſal Scholar; who lived about the latter End of the 13th Century. He was for his prodigious Knowledge of Things, thought a Magician or Conjurer by the ignorant Age he lived in.* Vid. Charles Bouville's Life of Lullius.

as if diſtracted, whereby they pretended to be able in a ſhort Time to learn all the Sciences. *Trithemius* had a great Number of his Followers here, who were profoundly intent upon his Steganography; with which he was in Hopes to find out a Method, by the Help of four Spirits placed in the four Corners of the World, to make himſelf be underſtood, like an Angel, without ſpeaking: This Invention was look'd upon by the Vulgar as diabolical; altho' there was no more in it than in a Letter of the Chriſt-Croſs-Row. Others broke their Reſt in reading of old defac'd Monuments, Medals half eaten away with Ruſt, and in digging amongſt the Rubbiſh and Ruins of old Buildings, that had lain ſome Ages buried under Ground. Some ſpent their Time in making and compoſing Riddles, Ænigma's,

ma's, Anagrams, and Almanacks, in ſtealing other Mens Verſes, gloſſing over and publiſhing Miſcellanies, which after all their Pains, were none of their own. Others again were collecting Florilegiums and Phraſeologies out of ſeveral Authors, for the Benefit of the ſlothful; who deſerved for their Pains rather to be well puniſhed than any Thing elſe, for mangling and ſpoiling Authors, by cutting out their Sentences and Phraſes; which out of their Place, are like ſo many Stones taken out of a Building, where they properly belong to; or, like a particular Sort of Money carried out from the Countries where it is coined, and goes current. Some walked up and down in a great Hurry, committing to Memory a Parcel of Sentences and Scraps out of Authors, to make themſelves paſs for great

Scholars:

Scholars: As others were, out of the ſame Pride, turning over Title-Pages and Indexes, juſt to get a ſmattering Knowledge of Things; with which they peſter all the Companies they light into, making a falſe Shew of Learning.

STEPPING into a large Hall, I ſaw a great many Philoſophers all maim'd, and frightful to behold; for ſuch terrible Apprehenſions had their Studies put them under, that in their Purſuit after Eaſe and true Felicity in Life, they lived their Time the moſt wretchedly, and with the leaſt Share of it: So enamour'd were they with their Speculations upon Things, that to further and improve them the better, ſome had plucked out their Eyes, ſome had cut out their Tongues, and others abſtained

abſtain'd from Meats, and whatever elſe could pleaſe or gratify the Senſes. Their Watchings had made them ſo hagged, and dried up their Brains, that they fell into ſtrange Extravagancies; ſome hated Life, and were in the greateſt Deſpair: Other accus'd Nature for the weak Condition and Vale of Miſery ſhe had put Men in, were ſorry that they ever had been born. One diſallowed the prudent Conduct of Nature in the Buſineſs of Generation: One fancy'd himſelf to change into various Shapes: Another ſaid he was at firſt only a Piece of Pitch, after that a Tree, and laſtly a Man. One, to ſhew his Contempt for Houſes choſe to live in a Tub; One was terribly afraid his Soul would fly away from him; and another for fear the Wind would carry away his,

had

had put leaden Soles to the Bottom of his Shoes. Promiſing myſelf ſome Diverſion I went up to them, and ask'd their Opinions of the Nature and Subſtance of the Soul? To which the Anſwer of ſome was, that the Soul was Fire; others ſaid it was Air; others Harmony; others Number; ſome a Spirit. Some, again, maintain'd it to be only a Breath, and mortal; others that it was at ſometimes mortal, and at others immortal. And one, as if he had actually ſeen it, affirm'd that it flew down from ſome celeſtial Grove into the Body, laying down its Wings upon Entrance, and reſuming them again at going out and parting with the Body. They ſo confounded me with their monſtrous Follies, that I was glad to get rid of them; and as we were juſt got out, a Croud of People

ſtand

ſtanding in the Porch of a Houſe invited my Curioſity to draw near them; where I found *Galen* diſſecting of human Bodies; who was at that Juncture juſt opening of a Prince's Head; in which, as he ſhew'd to *Veſalius*, *Farneſius*, and others that ſurrounded him, were the two Ventricles of the *Eſtimativa*, or Diſcernment wanting; whoſe Seat is juſt above that of Fancy and Memory, which lies in the hinder Part of the Head; and, proceeded he, theſe two laſt Powers or Faculties are ſubordinate, and put in Subjection to the Will, in which you ſee they are ſhut up. It was very ſtrange, methought, that there ſhould be ſuch a vaſt Difference in the Make and Structure of Princes Heads, from thoſe of others; and what a great Inconviency it was that thoſe two ſo neceſſary Faculties

culties were found either miſſing, or elſe entirely under the Guidance of the blind and raſh Will. I was juſt going to ask the Reaſon of it; but the ſudden Diſturbance that happen'd prevented me; for the People came running up and down from Place to Place, being alarm'd with a Report that the Emperor *Licinius*, a mortal Enemy to the Republick, was coming down upon it with a great Army of *Goths* and *Vandals*. Every Thing was in ſtrange Confuſion; and thoſe who before the Accident ſeemed able and fore-armed againſt it, were upon the Emergency ſtruck all in a Heap, and at a Loſs what to do. A Council was aſſembled; at which the Senators and four great Councellors of State, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Xenophon*, and *Tacitus*, were preſent; all able and diſtinguiſhed

tinguiſhed Members of the Republick, who had ſhewn in their Writing their great Acuteneſs and ſettled Maxims; which, however, in this Juncture they could not tell how to put in Execution; for they only confounded one another by their different Reſolutions, not being of Judgment enough to fix and determine upon any in the great Variety ſuggeſted to them; like Men that wanted Practice and Experience in ſuch Occaſions: And when they offered at making ſome Defence, the Means they propoſed, tho' ſubtle enough, were ſo impracticable, that it was eaſily to be ſeen how uſeleſs they were; and how wrong Meaſures thoſe take who entruſt the publick Concern to ſpeculative Men, that give themſelves up to their Studies, and are irreſolute and dubious in the Multi-

tude of their Opinions, obſtinately taken with the Livelineſs of their own Arguments, and dangerous in the Application they make of paſt Examples, which are but ſeldom well applied to the Caſe in hand, ſeeing that the Circumſtances of Things, at different Times, are various, and the Caſes themſelves as diſagreeing from one another, as are Mens Faces. The Confuſion they were in was luckily clear'd up by an Advice brought, that it was only a falſe Alarm; for that the Emperor was ſeveral Days Journey from the City: Which made all Things eaſy and quiet again, and gave me an Opportunity to paſs forward, 'till at the End of a Street I caſt my Eyes upon *Alexander de Ales* and *Scotus*, who were making moſt admirable Tryals of Skill upon a Cable-Rope; and *Eraſmus*, in endeavouring

deavouring to imitate them, as if to ſtalk along in the Buskins of divine Philoſophy, was no more than to tread the Socks of a Grammarian, had ſuch a wretched Fall down to the Ground, that ſet all the People a-laughing. In a By-corner of the Street ſtood withdrawn from the reſt, the Tyrant *Cricias*, *Epicurus*, *Diagoras*, and *Theodorus*, who by the Lowneſs of their Talk, and the Fear they betray'd of being overheard, made me the more deſirous to know what they were about: And planting myſelf pretty near, I heard *Cricias* utter with diſſolute and profane Lips, "That the firſt Law-"Givers of the World were profound "and great Politicians; who, as they "were aware how inſufficient the "Rigour of human Laws would be to "awe Men, and put a Check to "Vice, in that they could not bear

" any Sway over the Mind, or pre-
" vent by their Dread its contri-
" ving ill in Private, or where it
" had no Witneſſes to its Actions; there-
" fore they had invented a God, who
" knew our moſt ſecret Thoughts, and
" that reſerv'd eternal Rewards or Pu-
" niſhments for Men after Life, accord-
" ing to their good or bad Actions." The other three concurr'd with him, in diſowning their Creator; and eſpecially *Epicurus*, denied God to be any Thing but a Fiction, and a mere humane Artifice excluding the ſuprem Being out of the Univerſe, that he might the more ſecurely ſwive in worldly Delights, free from all Remorſe and inward Fear; "Not but I
" judge it (added he) highly expedient
" that the Cheat be kept up among the
" Vulgar; for without it we ſhall never
" be ſafe, either in our Lives or Fortunes."
I was ſhocked at the daring Impiety of
theſe

theſe ſtupid Atheiſts, and could not but look to ſee if they had any Eyes; for one with any, could never ſtumble upon ſuch Ignorance; which put the *Egyptians* upon repreſenting an Atheiſt by a Man with his Eyes in his Feet; which was he to carry directed up towards Heaven, he would behold the Sun, that Father of Light leading up infinite Squadrons of the Stary Hoſt, that inceſſant Motion of the Spheres, that divine Architecture and Oeconomy incomprehenſible to Man, in which no human Power or Art could have bore any Part; he would forthwith confeſs a firſt Omnipotent Cauſe, and humbly adore the eternally wiſe and omnipotent Being. I was impatient to know of M. *Varro*, how the Republick came to tolerate ſuch ignorant and irreligious People, that contradicted all the reſt of the World. For,

whereas other Men endeavour'd to make themſelves immortal, and to out-live the Grave, they baſely maintain'd the Mortality of the Soul, and their being but alike to other Creatures. Where Diſputes, anſwer'd *Varro*, are encouraged, it is neceſſary there ſhould be Vouchers of all Sorts of Opinions, however extravagant they be; and that among Atheiſts, it was rather Malice than Ignorance that prevailed, whereby they perverſely, in ſpite of all natural Light, deceived and abuſed their own Senſes.

BEING apprehenſive that the Company I was in with theſe Philoſophers, might prove infectious, I did not care to ſtay longer in the ſame Street with them, notwithſtanding the great Variety of Objects that might otherwiſe have engaged me; but turned up another, where

where I ſaw *Lucian* in Company with *Pliny*, *Aldobrand*, and *Geſner*, three Naturaliſts; whom he was carrying to hear the laſt Notes of a Swan that lay a dying; whoſe Muſick in its laſt tuneful Accents is ſo famous. We made after them, till hard by a Pool he ſhew'd them an Aſs juſt giving up the Ghoſt. I was pleaſed with the Jeſt, and could not but ſmile when *Lucian*, with his wonted Subtilty and Simulation, endeavour'd to make them believe that the Gods had deſignedly metamorphoſed it, to the End that no one ſhould preſume, for his being a Swan, that he may not chance to die an Aſs.

PRESENTLY afterwards I met with honeſt *Diogenes*; who carried about the Streets a Mirror of *Self-Knowledge*;

which impartially reflected both the Virtues and Vices of all that would look into it: He invited every one to take a View of himſelf; but none cared to ſee, or however to know himſelf, if he did look in. Which was, I thought, very odd in a Community whoſe Members ſeem'd to be ſuch wiſe and learned Men: But being deſirous to excuſe them, I fell to thinking and diſcourſing with my ſelf; that if God had been pleaſed, out of a particular Providence, to have made Man in ſuch a Manner that he could not have ſeen his own Countenance, to the End that if he was beautiful, he ſhould not grow vain, or fall in Love with himſelf; nor that if he was ugly, he ſhould hate himſelf; the Difficulty had then been ſtill greater of knowing his Faults and Defects, eſpecially

cially thoſe of the Underſtanding; which is what diſtinguiſhes him from other Animals, and gives him a kind of divine Superiority over them: He would then have lived free from Uneaſineſs and Diſlike to himſelf, as not being ſenſible of his own Weakneſs; and the Conſequence of that had been, that one and the ſame Happineſs had equall'd all Mankind, altho' of different Excellencies and Abilities, ariſing from the Satisfaction and Opinion every one had of himſelf, no one yielding to another in Point of Senſe and natural Endowments. *Diogenes* had ſcarcely paſſed me, when turning about, I ſaw *Archimedes* coming out from his Houſe in a Night-Cap, and with only one Stocking on, ſo penſive and intent upon his Machines, that he walked along knitting his Brows, and

with his Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, quite regardleſs of the Noiſe and Clamour that the People made after him, which ſhew'd how unfit thoſe are for any civil Employ, or to make Courtiers of, who give themſelves immoderately over to Study and Speculation, out of which, when taken, they look more like inanimate Logs than Men.

AT the Door of a Barber's Shop was *Pythagoras*, convincing ſome other Philoſophers, of the Tranſmigration of Souls out of one Body into another; and from thence he accounted for the different Inſtincts and Inclinations of Creatures. The Souls of Kings, as he ſaid, were infuſed into Lions; which keep Watch even while they ſeem aſleep. Thoſe of Princes animated Elephants,

Elephants, which made thoſe Creatures ſo vain and meek, upon any the leaſt Title or Appearance of Grandeur beſtow'd upon them. Thoſe of Judges went into Dogs, which bite at the Poor, and fawn upon the Rich. The Souls of unmannerly and impolite People found Reception in Elks, Beaſts that never bend the Knee. Thoſe of Poets deſcended into Bears, which live upon the Moiſture of their own Nails. I was with great Pleaſure liſtening to his Diſcourſe; when a ſpiteful Fellow happening to fling a Handful of Beans amongſt the Company, it ſo provoked *Pythagoras*, that covering his Head with his Cloak, he withdrew into the Shop; leaving us to gueſs at the Occaſion of his Reſentment, each forming different Opinions of what could have moved him to prohibit the Uſe of that Pulſe; ſome

ſome imagined that his Deſign was to perſuade Men to Chaſtity by the Bean, as repreſenting Laſciviouſneſs; others fancied he meant to make Men juſt and upright in giving their Votes, which was antiently done with Beans. But what I moſt thought upon was, how eaſily Men, that value themſelves as Scholars and learned, are interrupted and incenſed at every ſlight Occaſion, being commonly haughty, and afraid to loſe the Opinion the World has of them.

As we turned the Corner of a Street, we met *Scipio Africanus* and *Lelius* inſulting *Terence*, and going to take off his Socks, in which he ſtrided up and down the City with Honour; for they charged him with having robb'd them of 'em: And at laſt, as Might commonly overcomes Right, they

they forced them off. The Effects of Power in Princes, that not contented with their own natural Excellencies, they muſt aſſume thoſe of Ingenuity too, pluming and adorning themſelves with the Labours and Works of poor Authors.

One Street conſiſted of nothing but Barbers Shops on both Sides of the Way; which made me ask *Varro* what Occaſion the Republick had for ſo many of that Trade, eſpecially as the People affected to let their Hair and Beards grow: He anſwer'd me with a Smile; that they were not Barbers, but Criticks, or a Sort of Surgeons that patch'd and mended up old Authors, ſetting their broken Limbs together, putting falſe Hair on ſome, inſerting Teeth, and giving artificial Eyes

Eyes, Arms, and Legs, to others; but the worſt on't is, that under the Pretence of Authors having been maim'd by Miſtakes made in their ſeveral Copies before the Invention of Printing, they cut off the Fingers of a great many, nay, and often the Hands of ſome, as not being the natural ones, and clap on others, which quite disfigure them. They ſometimes carry their Preſumption ſo far as to deviſe a Meaning never thought of by the Author, altering and pairing his Words, and chequering the whole Work over with Conjectures. I did not think my Noſe very ſafe in this Quarter; ſo out I went as faſt as I could, obſerving to *Polydore*, that I had ſeen ſome of theſe Men before employ'd in other Buſineſſes: Why, ay, ſaid he, very pleaſantly, there are Criticks in all Buſineſſes.

UPON

UPON our Entrance into another Street, there appeared *Democritus* laughing ſo immoderately, that I wonder'd to ſee the Gravity of a Philoſopher ſo diſcompoſed, and took the Freedom to ask him the Reaſon of it; who, after he had pretty well overcome the merry Fit, reply'd, So many Things there are in this Republick, which would each make one, tho' ever ſo melancholy, die with Laughter, that it can only be excuſable in you as a Stranger, to ask ſuch a Queſtion, which I ſhall ſatisfy, by giving you in general ſome Reaſons that may plead in Behalf of the Commotion you ſaw me in.

AFTER the Travels I had made in the Purſuit of Knowledge among the

the *Indians*, *Perſians*, *Chaldeans*, and *Ethiopians*, and had perceived the Vanity of Philoſophy, the Troubles of this Republick, and the miſerable Condition it is now reduced to by the Citizens, I fully reſolved to laugh at every Thing; for to oppoſe myſelf againſt ſo many, and have bewailed the Want of Redreſs in ſuch Evils, had been an extreme Folly in me, could I have been able to do it; and had I put on ever ſo great and real Grief, yet I could not poſſibly have forebore laughing among ſo many Things that provoke one to it: Nor do I think it likely, that the moſt zealous Bigot in the Republick, could be able to refrain Laughter; when he obſerved the indiſcreet and ridiculous Regard and Reſpect that moſt Nations pay to this City, admitting no Truth but what

what flows from the Lips of this People, who to take Advantage of this Credulity in the World, and, as it were, in Emulation of the ſupreme Being, have created miſhapen airy Beings, and produced monſtrous Births, not ſo much as ever dream'd of by Nature, filling the Sea with *Tritons*, *Phocas*, *Nereids*; the Air, with flying Dragons and Horſes, Harpies and Sphinges; inhabiting the Mountains with Satyres, Pans, Silenus's, Silvans, Olcades, and Centaurs; the Woods with Dryads and Silphs; the Fountains with Nymphs. In ſhort, theſe Republicans it is that have introduced Idolatry into the World, erecting Altars, and paying Adoration to the Stars, Elements, and Creatures, both rational and irrational, down to the moſt Brutal and ſtupid Animals; and the better to colour their own Vices,

they

they have not left a River, Fountain, Isle, Mountain, Rock, Tree, or any Place, without a Metamorphosis, to continue down the shameful Stories of the Robberies, Whoredoms, and Adulteries of the Gods, whom they have dared to load with Infamies, making those bright Luminaries of the Firmament to act in Confederacy with Brutes and Birds in Lasciviousness and other beastly Crimes. How can you expect me not to laugh, when I see that Mankind take the moral Precepts of Life from these Citizens; as likewise their Esteem of Virtue and Composure of Mind from us, who are those that make the Soul the most rebellious, and are the most prone to Anger, the most abandon'd to our Passions, insensible to Affection, malicious, the most covetous, ambitious, inconstant, vain, insolent

ſolent Admirers of ourſelves, and that deſpiſe others. For my Part, I can't but laugh, to ſee the Pride and vain Glory of ſome of our greateſt Scholars, who ſtrut about like Peacocks, pluming themſelves, and paſſing for profound Doctors and Men of Penetration, tho' without one Grain of Self-Knowledge; whoſe Minds are as rude and uncultivated as Deſarts, and more ſavage and intractable than Brutes. 'Tis at ſuch as theſe, that I laugh. Him alone do I think truly valuable, who, although not skill'd in Science, knows how to govern his Paſſions and Affections, being ſatisfy'd that he can want nothing; ſince that all Things abound to him whoſe Felicity, although not equal to that of Heaven, yet ſeems to come nearly up to it.

ANOTHER Piece of ridiculous Vanity is that of thoſe who, like *Appius* the Grammarian, think to render any one immortal by a Dedication of their Works to him: and, out of a kind of humble Pride, dedicate their Labours to great Men that know nothing of the Matter; pleading in Excuſe for their Boldneſs, the Motive of Neceſſity, that obliged them to look out for Protection againſt malicious Tongues; juſt as if Patrons could be able to defend what they underſtand nothing of; or as if in buying of Books we compounded not to have the Priviledge to find Fault with them. The Antients, indeed, were more diſcreet, and unbyaſſed by any baſe Principle in their Choice of a Friend, or ſome learned Perſon to dedicate their Works to; which

which by the Scope and Tendency of their Subject, carried a direct Claim to the Patron. And if we consider the Sciences, the best Revenue of this City, and their several Professors, what Abuses and Defaults shall we find in both, that will rather raise our Laughter than Pity? Only take Notice of the Vanity of Grammarians, who insolent with a little *Latin*, dare to talk freely of all Sciences and Professions. And then do but observe how conceited and full of herself is Rhetorick? who with her Paint and Varnish discolours the Truth, and is but a Sink of Flattery, an Art that tries to impose upon and allure the Senses with a pleasing Violence? She is such a Jilt, that she seems to be what she is not, and is what she seems not to be. This was the Harp

of

of *Orpheus*, whereby he drew the Beaſts after him; as likewiſe that of *Amphion*, who made Brutes and Stones move to to her Inchantment: And, therefore, the *Spartans* would not ſuffer her to come within their Walls. The *Romans* too baniſhed her the City twice; and the *Stoicks* drove her out of the Schools, becauſe ſhe play'd upon the Affections, and took Advantage of the Weakneſſes of the Mind, *Socrates* calls Orators publick Sycophants, and was ſenſible of the Danger of admitting them into Civil Offices; ſeeing that by their perſuaſive Eloquence, they might deceive the Populace, and carry them to what they would, tearing the State to Pieces, and embroiling it with Seditions; as Experience has ſhewn in the Perſons of *Brutus*, *Caſſius*, the *Gracchi*, *Cato's*, *Demoſthenes*, and *Cicero*.

AND

And Poetry, which is the Sister of Rhetorick, how ſcornfully ſhe looks down upon other Sciences, and vainly imagines herſelf to be above them all, becauſe ſhe only had Temples built to her by Antiquity: She diſowns her Birth from Labour, the Parent of the other Arts, and perhaps of Heaven its ſelf. And what ſtill adds to her Pride is, that the *Scyths*, *Cretans*, and *Spaniards* writ their Laws, as the *Goths* did their Hiſtories, in Verſe. But it ought to humble her Airs, that ſhe is only an affected Dame, full of Vanity, and averſe to Truth; that ſubſiſts upon Imitation and Fiction, repreſenting nothing but Falſehood; and ſo wanton, that ſhe takes in the Gods for Accomplices to countenance her in her Extravagancies, Rapes, and Adulteries, making them the Inventers of ſuch Enor-

Enormities. And ſhe it is that enlivens and invigorates unchaſte Affections, feeding diſhoneſt Deſires, both in herſelf and others, with ſoft Endearments and amorous Careſſes, whoſe ſlandering Tongue has defam'd the Honour of others. Every one knows what poor Queen *Dido* has ſuffer'd by her; who was an exemplary Pattern for Matrons of Honeſty and chaſte Deportment; upon which, and other Accounts, Poetry was baniſhed out of ſeveral States.

No leſs pernicious to the World is Hiſtory; for as Men naturally deſire Immortality, which they can't arrive at but by a good or bad Fame; and as this is not to be perpetuated by Monuments or Statues, but down in Hiſtories, from hence it proceeds, that

as human Nature bears ſtronger Inclinations to Vice than Virtues, more ſeek to be taken Notice of by Hiſtorians, like *Eroſtratus*, for ſome ſignal Villainies, than for any Thing elſe. Moreover, as both the Virtues and Vices of Princes are related in Hiſtory, we are naturally more apt to excuſe our own Frailty by the Weakneſs of Great Men, than to imitate their Virtues. And then what can be more ridiculous than the Vanity of Hiſtorians, in aſſuming to themſelves, both the Theory and Practice of Politicks, and pretending the whole of both to be grounded upon the Diſcourſes and Events of their Hiſtories; which, in Prudence, no one can truſt to; for, what out of Self-Love, Flattery, Spite, or ſome other baſe Principle,

and Diſregard to Veracity, there is ſcarcely one Hiſtorian to be found entirely impartial and faithful in his Narrations, who does not conſult more the Reputation of his Ingenuity, than Sincerity, and regard more publick Example than the real Nature of the Fact he relates. The *Greeks* valued themſelves for their Invention, not adhering to Matter of Fact; and the *Romans* imitated them. And, although in ſome Hiſtorians we may find a juſt Relation of Things, yet a prudent Politician cannot ſafely rely barely upon them, becauſe he muſt have Occaſion to pry into the ſecret Springs and Motives of Actions; which, notwithſtanding they be mentioned by the Hiſtorian, yet they are uncertain and imaginary, or only pick'd up from common Hear-ſay, ſince but very few Writers

ters were preſent upon the Spot, when Things were tranſacted; nor, indeed, if they were preſent, could they poſſibly attend to all that paſt: Nor further, were they admitted into the Cabinets of Princes, to ſee the Incentives of their publick or private Actions; ſo that they are governed throughout their Relations, by juſt what every one ſays in Praiſe of, and to aggrandize his own Actions: And very often they infer the Motives of an Action, by the Succeſs of it; wherein they are influenc'd by Paſſion, or Affection, or ſome other baſe Diſpoſition, giving a ſiniſter Interpretation of the Actions of Great Men: And as Vices are divided but by a thin Partition from Virtues, they frequently take occaſion to call a Brave Man, Raſh; a Generous one, Prodigal; the Prudent, Slothful; and the

Wary and Cautious, Cowards. Another Rock that moſt Hiſtorians ſplit upon, is Intereſt; for which they flatter; and without it, they malign and laſh Men: So *Paterculus* praiſes *Sejanus*, *Livia*, and *Tiberius*; whereas *Tacitus* adverts upon the Ambition of *Sejanus*, abhors the Adultereſs *Livia*, and detects the Simulation of *Tiberius*; being rather too keen and malicious in the Meaning he gave his Words, which carry a different Senſe from what they ſeem uſually to intimate. And this is a dangerous Privilege for an Hiſtorian to take in his Language, which every Action is ſure to fare the worſe for. *Xenophon* does not tell us what *Cyrus* was, but what he ought to have been; and this kind of Flattery it was, that conferr'd Renown upon *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Theſeus*, *Epaminondas*, *Lyſander*, *Xerxes*, *Alexander*,

Alexander, *Pyrrhus*, *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, *Pompey*, and *Cæsar*, a Pack of famous Rogues, that over-run the World with Tyrannies.

CONSIDER next, continued *Democritus*, that Part of Philoſophy, call'd Logick; how envelop'd it is in Sophiſtry, Topicks, Words, and Confuſion of Terms, which it has invented to convey our Ideas in: She is ſo wholly taken up about Words, that ſhe never looks nor carries her Conſideration farther to explore into Nature's Secrets, as appears by the Proficiency of thoſe that firſt invented this Science. And as you have but juſt paſſed the Schools, and different Sects of Philoſophers, there's no Occaſion for me to enlarge much more, upon obſerving to you how artfully they all

diſſemble and diſguiſe their Vices, under the falſe Appearances of Virtues; the *Epicures* being Gluttons; the Peripateticks, covetous; the *Platonicks* and *Stoicks*, arrogant and vain-glorious. You might have ſeen, as you paſſed them, how widely they diſagree in what conſtitutes the Felicity of Man; *Epicurus* and *Ariſtippus* place it in Delights and Dainties; *Pythagoras* and *Socrates*, in Virtue; *Ariſtotle*, in Contemplation; *Theophraſtus*, in Fortitude; *Diodorus*, in feeling no Pain; *Periander* in Glory, Honour, and Wealth; and others ſtill place it elſewhere. Sure never were more extravagant *Deliriums* and Whims heard! But it is much that among all theſe, no one ever thought to place Man's Felicity in not writing; which is, I am ſure, one of the greateſt and moſt irkſome Buſineſſes

ſineſſes of Life. *Plato* alone, the moſt clear-ſighted of them all, knew it to be a fruitleſs Search to look for true Felicity upon Earth; and therefore put it in the Union of the Soul with the Sovereign Good, when it returns to incorporate with its Ideas. For Man, while he continues here, is ſurrounded with Miſery and natural Infirmities: He is only the Sport of Fortune, and a fleeting Shadow, ſure to be ſwallow'd up in Death: The World, which is given for his Abode, is as fickle and inconſtant as himſelf; but a Field of Battle, or a Tragical Theatre; wherefore, it is neither in the World, nor in Man, that the true and real Felicity can be found, but elſewhere, and in another kind of Being, that we muſt expect to meet with it. The Philoſopher then turning himſelf

about with a chearful Countenance, went on; How uppiſh and vain too is *Arithmetick*, becauſe *Pythagoras* dreamt, that in her Numbers were all the Sciences included: She was born at one Birth with *Gaming*, and bred up at the Breaſts of *Avarice*; who by her magical Characters, draws up in a ſmall Compaſs all the Riches of the Univerſe, and calculates the unwearied Steps of the Sun.

GEOMETRY likewiſe takes greatly upon her, becauſe without her Help there's no Admiſſion into *Plato*'s School, and becauſe the *Egyptians* through her Aſſiſtance made Statues that could ſpeak: *Archytas* of *Tarentum* too, contriv'd by her a Dove that could fly; and *Archimedes* large Adamantine Orbs, that moved correſpondent with thoſe in the Heaven.

She

She has forgot her firſt Riſe, which ſhe owes to the Inundations of the *Nile*, and is but a Siſter of thoſe imperfect Inſects ſpawned on her Bank. She has indeed this however to brag of more than the other Sciences, That her Principles are certain and conſtant, in which all agree, without that Variety of Opinions that are in *Aſtronomy*, wherein the *Arabians*, *Egyptians*, and *Chaldeans*, did all diſagree, both as to the Number of the Heavens, and their Movements, Orbs, Differences, and Epicycles, each preſuming them to be juſt as he underſtood them, tho' ignorant whether they were ſo, or no. And this Confuſion, which aroſe from the various Courſes of the Stars, and the Motion of the Heavens, (they being ſo directly contrary and different one from the other,) made Aſtronomers imagine, as they

thought it, impoſſible for the different Movements to concenter in one Body ſuch a Number of Heavens, and in them ſo many Orbs, Equators, and Epicycles: And by this Salvo, the ſeeming Impoſſibilities vaniſh'd, as the Differences likewiſe were in a manner cleared up, and the ſeveral Motions were regulated and pretty exactly meaſured by this their imaginary Structure of the Heavens; which is the beſt and moſt uſeful Lye that ever was form'd, ſince that certain and true Effects proceed from it; for now they can foretel to a Minute the Eclipſes and future Aſpects of the Stars and Planets. But if ſo be that the Regularity of ſome is not yet exactly adjuſted, as that of *Mars*, and others ſince diſcover'd by Teleſcopes, whoſe Motions do ſtill want better to be aſcertain'd:

tain'd; and if a perfect Knowledge of All of them be required, for us to be able to make an exact Judgment of them, how then dares *Aſtrology* pretend to preſage future Events by the Motion, Diſpoſition, and Nature of the Stars, ſeeing that human Capacity is of too ſhort a Tether, our Comprehenſion too feeble and diſproportionate to the immenſe Diſtance between us and them, for us ever to arrive at the Knowledge of them, by the bare Direction of their Light and Rays; and therefore we ſoar too high in pretending to diſcover what is acting there. What tho' here below we are apt to infer and perceive the Cauſes by their Effects, yet in the Heavens that is impoſſible to be done; for ſince the Stars are infinite in Number, how will

any

any one be able to diſtiguiſh the Influences of one Star from thoſe of another, eſpecially ſince each affects differently, according to its different Aſpect and Poſition? Nay, and though the Natures and Virtues of each were known, yet if they only diſpoſe or incline, not oblige us, how can we fail to make a raſh Judgment by them, ſince that our Liberty, Education, Diſcipline, Religion, Manners, the Place we are bred up in, Compliance with others, and many more ſuch like Accidents, do all change and alter our natural Diſpoſitions? Nor indeed do I leſs diſlike the Opinion of *Origen* and *Albertus Magnus*, That the Stars are not the Cauſe of future Contigencies, but *Signs* deſcribed by God in radiant Characters in the voluminous Scroll of the Heavens, whoſe

whoſe Motions point out and unfold to the World future Events. But this Opinion is erroneous too, ſeeing that Events ariſing both from Chance and our own Free-will, are infinite and numberleſs; in ſo many Ages rolling on, they can't poſſibly be foreboded by the Stars, which keep one conſtant and uniform Motion.

THOSE, however, that apply themſelves to this Science, may be excuſed by the noble Views they have, or the Divinity that they aſpire after, in prying into future Events: But what Excuſe, continued *Democritus*, can be given for Lawyers? who live upon other People, taken up wholly in the Quarrels and Concerns of others? whoſe Faculty is like an Elephant, carrying upon his Back

Back great Caſtles, or rather Mountains of Texts and Books? and their Profeſſion, like an Unicorn, continued down from Father to Son in Regiſters? in which Matters are all ſtudied to their Hand; whereby the Genius is crampt, being obliged to adhere to the Words and Meaning of the Legiſlator, juſt as if their Laws were always founded upon the moſt fixed and ſoundeſt Principles of Reaſon? And if Law be not ſo grounded, I don't ſee how it can be called a Science, being the Offspring of the frail and ſhort-ſighted Underſtanding of Man: Which the firſt Law-Givers of the World were very ſenſible of; and therefore they endeavoured to give a divine Sanction or Authority to them among the Vulgar, by perſwading Men they

they had them by the Inſpiration of ſome Deity: As *Mercury* pretended he had received his from *Oſiris*; *Minos* his Laws from *Jupiter*; *Charondas* his from *Saturn*; *Solon* his from *Minerva*; *Lycurgus* his from *Apollo*; and *Numa Pompilius* his from the Nymph *Egeria*. All which Laws, were we to take the Trouble to conſider, we ſhould find many of them to Swerve from Honeſty, Reaſon, and the Dictates of Nature, and that they carry a rank Savour of that Frailty and Malice which made them. And as for the Lawyers themſelves, they are ſuch that we muſt not only bribe them to ſpeak, but to hold their Tongue. And was it not to make Room for the Phyſicians, I ſhould certainly deem them the moſt pernicious

to

to Mankind; for as the one ruins our Eſtates, ſo the other our Lives: But Princes it is that ſuffer moſt by the laſt; for Phyſicians taking the Advantage of the natural Deſire in Man to live, and as they know their Intereſt to be beſt with ſickly and infirm People, they obſerve it as a ſettled Aphoriſm to impair the Health of their Prince, in order to keep him ſubject to them, and to aggrandize and enrich themſelves. Wherefore it looked like great Diſcretion in that King of *France*, who allowed his Phyſicians great Sallaries while he was well, but took them away again when he fell ill. The *Egyptians*, *Babylonians*, and *Arcadians*, kept themſelves free of this Evil; for they would not encourage this Faculty, or Military Art, that undoubtedly received

ved its Birth from Civil Wars, with which formerly they uſed to fight, as now-a-Days they do with Fire and Sword. *Greece* was ſo well verſed in it, that to diſpatch their Adverſaries the *Romans*, they ſent Phyſicians amongſt them; which the Republick being appriz'd of, immediately drove them back. Moreover, continued he, who does not ſee the great Incertainty of this Science? The Conſtitutions of Men being as different as their Faces, and ſo intricate, that a Man can but ſcarcely, after a long Experience know his own, nay, and even then he can't be ſure on't; for the Conſtitution daily alters, and is liable to change through a Multitude of Accidents, which makes it impoſible almoſt for a Phyſician to know them; how then is it likely for him

him to hit on the Cure? But, to ſuppoſe that Phyſicians could diſcover them, yet ſtill as Diſtempers are various, and their Cauſes numberleſs, and paſt finding out, how can they be able to apply ſuitable Remedies? And although they were able to penetrate into the latent Cauſes of Diſtempers, yet even then a more exquiſite Knowledge ſtill would be wanting; as to know the ſeveral Virtues and Effects lodged in Things; which Nature has providently, in order to open a free Commerce and Correſpondence between different Nations, concealed in Stones, Plants, and Animals, ſo that her Virtues and Powers do not lie confined to one Thing, or to one Place, but in ſeveral; which put us under a Neceſſity to carry our Search after them into other Nations, eſpecially after thoſe

thoſe that we wanted in our own; and proved a Means to unite and cement different Countries in Love and Amity: But when, after all our Experience in exploring and diſcovering theſe ſecret Virtues, we happily light upon ſome, there is yet a remaining Danger in the Application of them; for what cures one Part, is often deſtructive, by ſome ſecret Quality or other, to the reſt.

But there is no Occaſion for any other Argument to ſhew the Inſufficiency of this Art, than to obſerve how few Men die natural Deaths, which almoſt all would do, was Phyſick certain, and only to correct the Humours of the Body, keeping them up to ſuch an Equality, as that they ſhould equally

equally decreaſe and wear out together. He was no Stranger to this Faculty, that ſaid, Art was long, and Life ſhort: Experience beſides is deceitful, and upon that Account the Doctor more dangerous than the Diſeaſe; which Nature by her own Strength is more likely to remove, than all his Glyſters, and poiſonous Potions.

THIS is the Perfection of the Sciences ſo much noiſed about here, which I have carefully conſidered in the ſeveral Profeſſors of them in this Republick; and theſe are the general Cauſes of my Laughter, though ſometimes it be rais'd by more particular ones, as it was at that Juncture you asked me the Reaſon of it; which was, to ſee a Poet running like a Mad-

Fellow

Fellow to ſhew his Friends an Epigram, before the Ink was ſcarcely dry, in ſuch *prodigious* Haſte, as if ſomebody had cut off his Noſe, and he was going to get it clapt on again, while the Blood ran warm.

MARCUS VARRO and I burſt out laughing at the Sage's Pleaſantry; when on a ſudden *Heraclitus*, who was on one Side of us, turning himſelf about in a Paſſion, with his Face all over in Tears, told us, He could not think it poſſible for any one to laugh in this Republick, that had but his right Senſes, or that could ſee the Calamities of the Place, and conſider how ſparing of her Benefits Nature had been towards the Citizens: For what tho', ſaid he, Logick, Rhetorick, Poetry,

Poetry, Philoſophy, and the other Sciences are born and bred amongſt us; yet they grow up in the Midſt of ſuch groſs Ignorance, as requires a great deal of Pains and Labour to brighten them up, and what we are our whole Life-time about; for juſt as Gold and Silver are found in the Mines encruſted with Droſs and Alloy, which if they are not refined in the Furnace, and worked with the Hammer, their hidden Worth lies uſeleſs; ſo by vaſt Labour and Fatigue it is, that we come to poliſh our Underſtandings, and to diſcover the Sciences lodged in them.

WHAT Tears and Trouble in our Youth, what Travels and Watchings does it afterwards in our advanced Age

Age coſt us, in Reading, Writing, and Study, to acquire our ſmall Stock of Knowledge? For which at laſt, ſo ill are we dealt by, we are obliged to our Maſters, the Brutes with whom Nature has ſhewn herſelf more generous and liberal. It is to them we in a great Meaſure owe the Arts and Sciences. We learn'd our Politicks from the Bees; and Oeconomy from the Ant; the firſt giving us the Notion of Monarchy, in the ſole Government of one, as the laſt gave us that of Ariſtocracy, by their being govern'd by a few, and thoſe the beſt. The Cranes hinted to us Democracy, in that they all reign by Turns. The Nile-Bird ſhew'd us Navigation, his Wings being the Oars, and his Tail the Rudder. We were taught to weave by the Spider;

Spider; to build, by the Swallow; to give a Glyſter, by the Stork; to bleed, by the Hippopotamus; and by the Elephant, Surgery. And ſo likewiſe Man's laborious Obſervations in Aſtronomy, we may ſee experimented by Beaſts: The Cynochephalus diſtinguiſhes Day, Night, and the Hours, like an animated Clock, by his Bark. The Solſtices are known by the Bird of Paradice, his then ſhewing himſelf: And Dolphins, Ducks, and the King's Fiſher foretel us the Seaſons.

THE Philoſopher was here interrupted, and we obliged to run into a Porch, to make Way for a Drove of Beaſts, as Lions, Tygers, Wolves, Foxes, and ſeveral Inſects, that followed a Fellow remarkably ugly and deformed,

formed, with a pointed Head, a wrinkled Forehead, his Eyes quite ſunk into his Head, a flat Noſe, blabber Lips, and a very ſwarthy Complexion; with a Hump both behind and before, an Iron Collar about his Neck, and mark'd upon the Cheek; whom the Philoſopher no ſooner perceived, but he reſumed his Diſcourſe, ſaying;

FOLLOW that Slave, by Name *Eſop*; and you ſhall ſee how in making Beaſts to ſpeak, he teaches, by their Means, this Republick the trueſt Philoſophy, both Moral and Political; for he follows the beſt and ſureſt Maſters. And now, continued he, O *Democritus*, how can a Philoſopher that attentively conſiders the Weakneſs of

human Nature, laugh in a Matter that ſo greatly deſerves his Pity.

THIS Reprimand of his, tho' followed with a Flood of Tears, could not put *Democritus* out of his merry Vein: So I e'en laugh'd at both, to ſee that the one laugh'd, becauſe the other would not; and the one grieve, becauſe the other would not weep. Altho' ſometime after, I could not but think both the one and the other to inveigh too maliciouſly againſt the Sciences; which are a Sort of Attributes annexed to the Divine Being: For what is Poetry but a Divine Spark, lighted up in but few? And Rhetorick, but an Inſpiration from Above, to influence us to Virtue? Hiſtory but the Looking-Glaſs of *Jove*, that ſhews

ſhews Time paſt, preſent, and future? Or Natural Philoſophy, but the Energy of his Power? As *Moral* is nothing but the Richneſs of his Goodneſs, Aſtronomy is a Sample of his Greatneſs: And *Arithmetick*, what is it but his Diſcourſe bounded only by his Eſſence and Majeſty? *Geometry*, but the Inſtrument he made all Things by, in Weight, Number, and Meaſure? And *Law*, but the Execution of his Juſtice? Or *Phyſick*, but a Demonſtration of his Loving-Kindneſs? But what will *Envy* ſpare? Even the Sun, who far ſurpaſſes all Things in Beauty, and would make the very Idolatry of his Worſhip excuſable, has had thoſe who, tho' without Eagles Eyes, have preſumed to ſet a Number to his Rays, and to charge his Brightneſs with Blemiſhes and Spots.

TAKING Leave of the Philoſophers, I turned the Corner of a Street, and met *Sapho* full-but, running, with her Coats in her Hand, from her Father: Who, as I ſtopp'd him, made ſad Complaints of his Daughter; that ſhe minded nothing but to make Verſes, without the leaſt Thoughts of the Buſineſs and Concerns of the Houſe, as to ſew and ſpin; which, ſaid he, are the fitteſt and moſt becoming for a Woman: 'Tis not for them to ſtudy and fling away their Time upon Books, which diſtract their Thoughts, and are apt to make them vain of the little they know, to enter into Diſputes, and to keep Company with Men; to the no ſmall Prejudice of their Character, as it makes them

them grow remiſs and neglectful of the Reſervedneſs and Decency of their Sex. I was greatly touched at the old Man's Caſe, whoſe Daughter, by her Study and Frieks, had made herſelf the Town-talk of the Place, and led the old Gentleman a very wearisome Life. Having pretty well appeaſed him, however, by the plauſible Excuſes I made in her Behalf, I took my Leave, and went up a Street, where I ſaw the famous Hiſtories of *Plantin*'s Edition, with Flowers de Lis, Griffins and Salamanders in their Frontiſpiece: It would have ſurprized one to ſee the Number of Diſhes cooked out there; there were *Æneids* gilt on the Back, boil'd, baked, and curiouſly dreſs'd; *Faſti* and *Metamorphoſes* roaſted, toſs'd up in Pancakes and Fritters, ſteep'd

in Water, and diſhed out after the fineſt Faſhion; and ſo coſtly, that I was apt to imagine the Citizens owed their Ills, Indigeſtion, Head-Aches, dejected and ſodden Looks to them, becauſe they did not know when to be ſatisfied in the rich Repaſt. But no Diſh there pleaſed me ſo much, as Poets well minced, and *Republicks* fricaſſied; which made as good a Figure as the beſt in *Plantin*'s Shop: Wherein I was juſt preparing to enter, had not *M. Varro* bid me defer it till I had ſeen the Seſſions-Houſe, which ſtood oppoſite againſt us. Whither he no ſooner conducted me, but I ſaw Men ſcourging of Perjurers in great Numbers, who had ſworn to Things they knew nothing of, upon the bare Word and Credit of their Maſters; and as many more underwent

derwent the ſame Puniſhment, for their wanton Abuſe of the *Greek* Language. We were admitted into a large Hall by two *Grammarians*, where I beheld exalted above the reſt the three venerable Judges of Antiquity, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, and *Eacus*. The Court was but juſt began, when there came in to defend a Cauſe an elderly Man leaning upon a Stick, ſhaking all over with a Palſey, and with ſo aged a Look, that, to gueſs by his Countenance, he was at leaſt ninety Years old: It ſurprized me to ſee that one of that Age had not withdrawn himſelf from the Hurry of the World, to ſpend his laſt feeble Breath in Retirement and Eaſe. Who, as *Varro*, at my Deſire, told me, was that learned Advocate and Contemporary of *Seneca*, *Thuranius*, who was ſo uſed

to the Noiſe of the Bar, that when by the Order of *Caius Cæſar*, he was oblig'd to retire from Buſineſs, he laid himſelf down in a Kind of Agony upon his Bed, and order'd his Servants to mourn for him as if dead: The idle Time of their old Maſter was grievouſly lamented by them; inſomuch that had he not been reſtored again to his Office, they would have had Occaſion to bemoan his Funeral. Such ſottiſh Ambition are Men poſſeſſed with, that they covet to live more for other Men's ſakes than their own, never enjoying the Happineſs of an eaſy and ſedate Mind. I had a great Deſire to hear him, but was prevented by a Company of Officers dragging along *Julius Cæſar Scaliger*, with a Gag in his Mouth, and his Hands manacled

nacled; and after him follow'd *Ovid*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Claudian*, *Statius*, *Silius Italicus*, *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Perſius*, and *Martial*; all of them almoſt being maimed, and with Scars in their Faces; one without a Noſe, another without an Eye, ſome with artificial Teeth and Hair, others with wooden Legs and Arms, ſo monſtrouſly diſfigured that they hardly knew their own Faces. A profound Silence aroſe in the Hall; when *Ovid*, in the Name of the reſt, as being the moſt eloquent and verſed in Rhetorick and the Law, which in his younger Years he had ſtudy'd, addreſs'd his Complaint againſt *Scaliger*.

"In this Caſe, you moſt impartial "Judges, it would be needleſs to make

" uſe of Rhetorick to captivate your
" Favour, to raiſe your Attention by
" an artful Exordium, to inform you
" by a long Detail of the Matter, or
" to convince you by a tedious Narra-
" tion; or laſtly, to inflame your
" Minds by a Confirmation and Con-
" cluſion upon the whole: All this, I
" ſay, would be needleſs; for here
" ſtands the Delinquent before your
" Eyes, with his Hands now teeming
" with Blood, and the Wounds ſtill
" bleeding. The evident Truth of
" the Fact will not admit of any Rhe-
" torical Artifice, no more than your
" known Readineſs to puniſh Offen-
" ces would permit me to tire you
" out with a tedious Narration: But
" let our mangled Countenances and
" maimed Bodies ſpeak for us: Theſe
" are

" are the Offences, and he there the
" Offender. And as for our Inno-
" cency and Conduct, we appeal to
" the whole Republick; wherein we
" have lived upwards of a thouſand
" Years, not only eaſy and peaceable,
" but with Honour and Eſteem.
" What have *Plautus* and *Terence* done,
" to deſerve ſuch Treatment? who
" have always been the Entertain-
" ment and Delight of the People;
" the one an agreeable and well-
" ſpoken Man; the other grave and
" circumſpect? In what have *Proper-*
" *tius* and *Tibullus* offended? both
" pleaſant, ſweet, and amorous Men?
" And then, as for *Silius Italicus*, he is
" of that great Humility, that he is
" never lifted up; but carries his Eyes
" downwards, and looks for thoſe

" Beauties

" Beauties in others, he ſees are want-
" ing in himſelf. *Ennius*, indeed, is
" ſomething impolite in Converſation,
" but then his great Abilities make
" up for that. *Claudian* is remarkable
" for his Livelineſs? and altho' his
" Stock be not large, yet he finely
" ſets it off to Advantage. And what
" if *Statius* be preſumptuous? *Lucan*
" proud and haughty? theſe Faults
" proceed from their Vain-Glory,
" and the Impetuoſity of their Geni-
" us, and injure none but themſelves.
" *Horace* is ſevere and exact; who,
" though he ſhews a Value for his
" own Talent, does not depreciate
" thoſe of others; and if ſometimes
" he cuts a Joke, 'tis ſure to be
" a civil one, and only for Mirth's
" ſake. *Juvenal*, I muſt allow, is

ſatiri-

" ſatirical; but then he is an ho-
" neſt Man, and only does it out
" of pure Zeal to reform this Re-
" publick, taking Notice of Vices
" in general, without ſo much as
" once mentioning the *Delinquent*:
" Whom *Perſius* muſt ſtill have of-
" fended leſs; becauſe, indeed, if
" he had offended him at all, his
" Talk is ſo obſcure, confuſed, and
" intricate, that no one could tell
" whether the Affront was level-
" led at him or ſome Body elſe.
" *Martial* is the only one that, by
" his ugly Temper, keen Jokes, and
" humourſome Turns, could poſſi-
" bly have given any Occaſion
" to the *Delinquent* for this Abuſe;
" but he proteſts and vows he ne-
" ver ſaw, nor ever heard any Thing

" of

" of him. And, laſtly, with your " Leave, to mention myſelf.

" I MAY without Preſumption " ſay, that I have always been " looked upon as one of a meek " and eaſy Temper; and, though " I never wanted for Wit, yet it " can't be ſaid, that I ever em- " ploy'd it to others Prejudice; and " if in my Youth I committed ſome " Extravagancies in Love Affairs, I " have ſuffered for them in my Ba- " niſhment, and no one ought to be " puniſhed twice for the ſame Crime. " But, ſuppoſe we had all been guilty of " Faults, the *Offender* was no competent " Judge; your Cognizance alone it was " that they had ought to have fallen un- " der. But no wonder, indeed, he has

" uſed

" uſed us ſo inſolently, ſince that he has
" not kept off his prophane Hands from
" pious and religious Authors, as *Sana-*
" *zarius*, *Bede*, *Euſebius*, and others.
" Defend, therefore, moſt grave Judges,
" our Honour, and ſecure the Tran-
" quility of the Republick, which is
" greatly threatned by this daring and
" preſumptious Citizen, whoſe File
" is like a two-edged Sword, and from
" which no one of us is ſafe."

OVID had ſcarcely made an End, before *Scaliger*, taking the Gag out of his Mouth, entered upon his Defence with an haughty Air and Shew of Contempt for the venerable Aſſembly, without the leaſt Reſpect or Deference to the Judges, being incenſed to ſee himſelf affronted in ſo publick a Place

Place: But the People prevented his going on; for they dragged him thro the Hall, and were both the Judges and Executioners of that Sentence, he might have expected to hear from the Tribunal. The People, however, had ſuffered for this Piece of Preſumption in the Face of the Court, had not ſome more weighty Matter happened to take off the Minds of the Judges; which was a Multitude of People that ruſhed into the Hall, crying and roaring that their Ladiſhips, the *Sciences*, were gone from their Palace; and that there was now only a few Marks or Ruins to be ſeen of what they had been. The Citizens lifted up both their Eyes and Voices to Heaven, filling the Place with diſmal Moans and Cries, one or other ſhewing the little

of

of the Sciences that they had ſaved.*

THE Judges being in the utmoſt Conſternation at the News, they went almoſt ſenſeleſs out of the Hall to inform themſelves better of the Miſhap, and to ſeek for Redreſs. But the Poets continued ſtill pummelling *Scaliger* with ſuch Rage, that out of Compaſſion to that great Scholar, and bright Ornament of polite Literature, I endeavour'd all I could to appeaſe them: But *Claudian* continued

* *The Author trifles here for three or four Lines together: He mentions the ſeveral Fragments of the Sciences ſome had ſecur'd to themſelves; as, that One had got a Cloak of the Spring or Bloom of* Rhetorick; *another a Head-Dreſs of the Brightneſs of* Poetry; *and ſuch like Stuff, not deſerving to be tranſlated.*

nued ſo teſty, and my Dream ſo lively, that I lifted up my Fiſt in a Paſſion, juſt as if I had been awake, to ſtrike him, but hit my Arm againſt the Bedſtead; whereupon I awoke out of the Multitude of Errors which I had been in while aſleep; perceiving the Vanity of our Fatigue, Watchings, and laborious Studies; and that 'tis not he that is fartheſt gone in the Arts and Sciences, who is wiſe, but he, that has true and juſt Notions of Things; and that, regardleſs of the Vulgar's light and vain Opinions, lets ſuch only paſs for true, which really are ſo.

FINIS.

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